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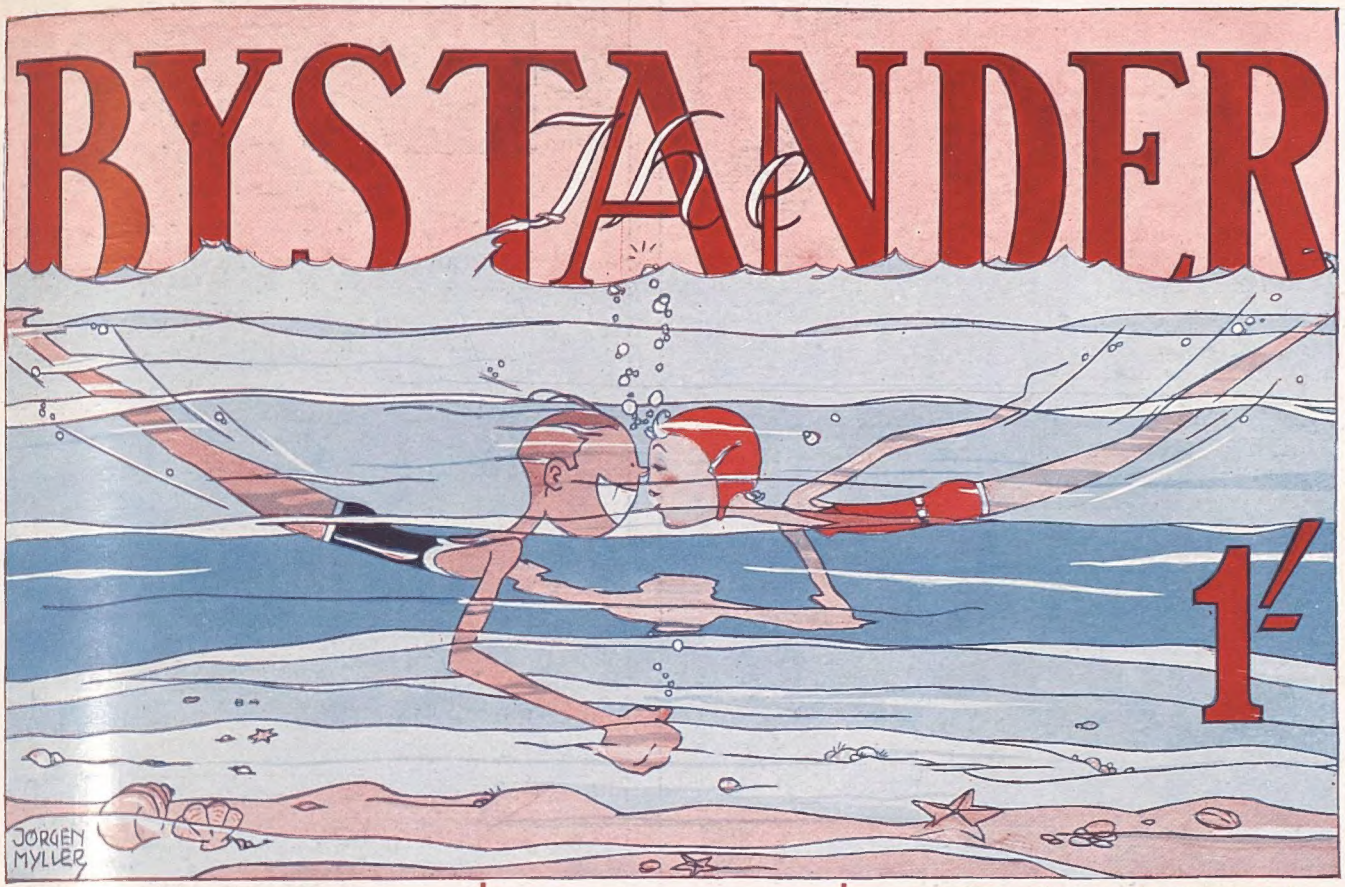

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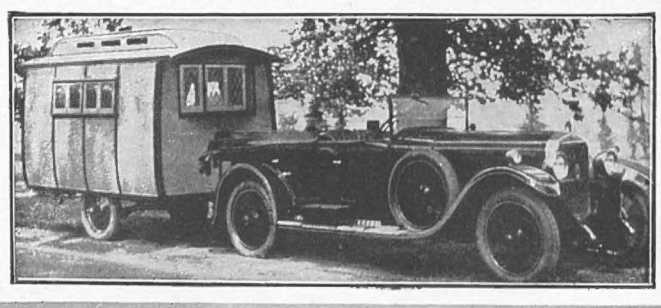

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The Bystander, June 5, 1929 No. 1329. Vol. CII

The BYSTANDER

BY E. HARDING

"BUTTERFLIES"

Dancing through the sunlit garden,
Seeking shelter cool and shady,
Goes "Red Admiral" and—pardon—
Can *it be the "Painted Lady"?*

3.C.13

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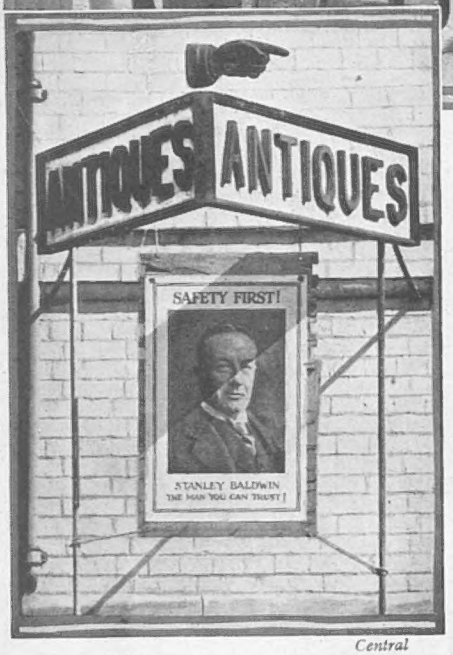
BY NORMAN KAY

RAMSAY: "*Hallo, Ma. What are you doing that for to those brats?*"
MRS. ROTHERMERE: "*Just to spite you!*"

Planet News

Miss Evelyn Laye, one of the most delightful of our young leading ladies, pays a flying matinée visit to Balham. She is seen with very much of a speaking part in the political drama of last Thursday, "Stalemate"

Mr. Hubert Duggan, who fought a forlorn-hope bat South, busy canvassing in the constituency. Wife helped him



Central

"THINGS WE MIGHT HAVE HUNG DIFFERENTLY"

A sign-post at Penshurst in Kent, with an unusual appendage. Although well-meant, the tout ensemble is not entirely a happy one from the Conservative standpoint

The Passing Hour

A "Thumping" Success

LORD ROTHERMERE must be delighted with himself as he regards the result of the General Election. Having thumped the Conservatives as hard as he could, bump, bump, bump, every day, because they would not toe the line alongside the Liberals, and blissfully innocent of the fact that the Free Trade Liberals would not swallow Safeguarding of any industry—how they do hug the alien to be sure—now His Lordship has the supreme satisfaction of seeing the Socialists triumphant. If his papers cut very much ice politically to-day, which I rather doubt, he has helped Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and is entitled to any credit he can get out of it.

That Silly Slogan

EXEUNT the Liberals as a political party. They remain merely a faction which may extract all the comfort they can in having given over many seats to Socialism by splitting the Constitutional vote without a glimmer of a hope so far as their archaic creed is concerned. There remain the Tories. Frankly, they deserve all they have got. All the Election if they mentioned Safeguarding it has been with hushed breath, as something like the skeleton in the cupboard. Mr. Stanley Baldwin is a man with a lovely nature, of course, but as a political leader he is not an inspiration. Fancy putting up "Safety First" as the slogan to women voters! Safety First! What women want is boldness, and all the Conservatives offered was a fatuous pusillanimity.

Mr. Selfridge's Election Party

AS always on Election night Mr. Selfridge gave his great party on one of the top floors of his Oxford Street shop. There was, I understand, a waiting-list of two thousand for invitations, and I believe the telephone never ceased to ring and some plaintive voice declare that having lost the invitation card would they kindly send another. The device did not avail them. There could have been no gate-crashers at this party. For many it will be the only pleasant recollection they will have of this Election. Everyone ever seen or heard of in London seemed to be there, from Mr. H. G. Wells to Miss Rosie Dolly; from Elinor Glyn to the pretty Princess Ingrid of Sweden, about whose head new rumours are breaking with the name of a young Prince, but this time not an heir-apparent. In the street below one could watch the crowd, faces upturned towards a result screen, and as every Labour gain came through there surged up a roar of exultant cheers, ominous, rather threatening cheers. For the first time during this dull and apathetic Election one felt the excitement of a fight. An Attaché of the Italian Embassy stood beside me, considerably perturbed. "My God! It's frightening!" His eyes

Topical

Conservatives in the Labour stronghold at East Ham
his mother, the Marchioness Curzon of Kedleston, who
Election

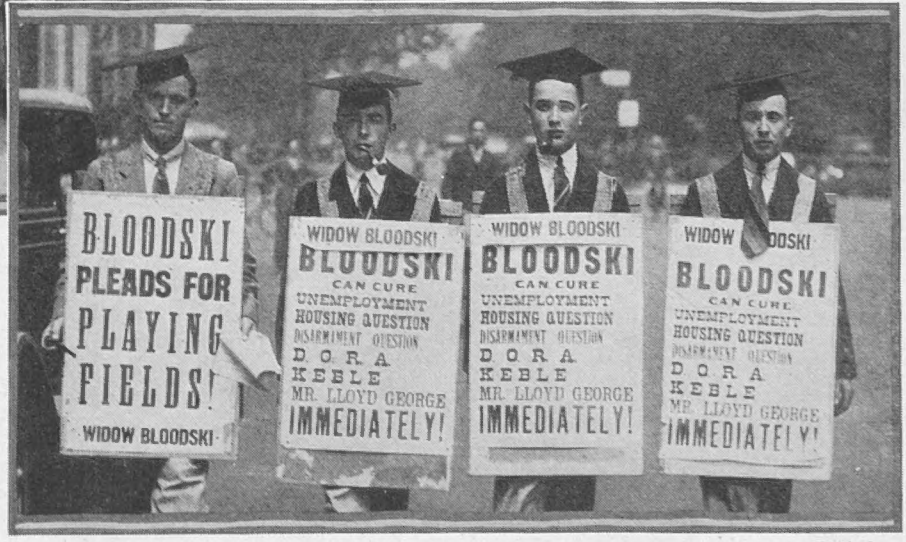
L.N.A.

Mr. Bryan Guinness, the son of The Hon. Walter Guinness, who fought Newmarket for the Conservatives, and his wife, to whom he was married recently, canvassing Basil Jarvis's stables on the eve of the poll. Their audience doubtlessly displayed a lot of "horse-sense"

Topical

grew liquid bright. "I can't believe it's England. Wolves of destruction, marking disintegration." I reassured him that political English wolves usually do more barking than biting. And they always have the saving sense of humour denied to their Continental brothers. All the world of Society and the theatre were Mr. Selfridge's guests, including, of course, Anna May Wong, feeling lucky, no doubt, that a boat train can always remove her from any attempted Socialist depredations upon her salary; there were Lord and Lady Carisbrook and Princess Arthur of Connaught, Lady Oxford and Asquith with son Anthony, looking unconcerned at the rout of their family's party.

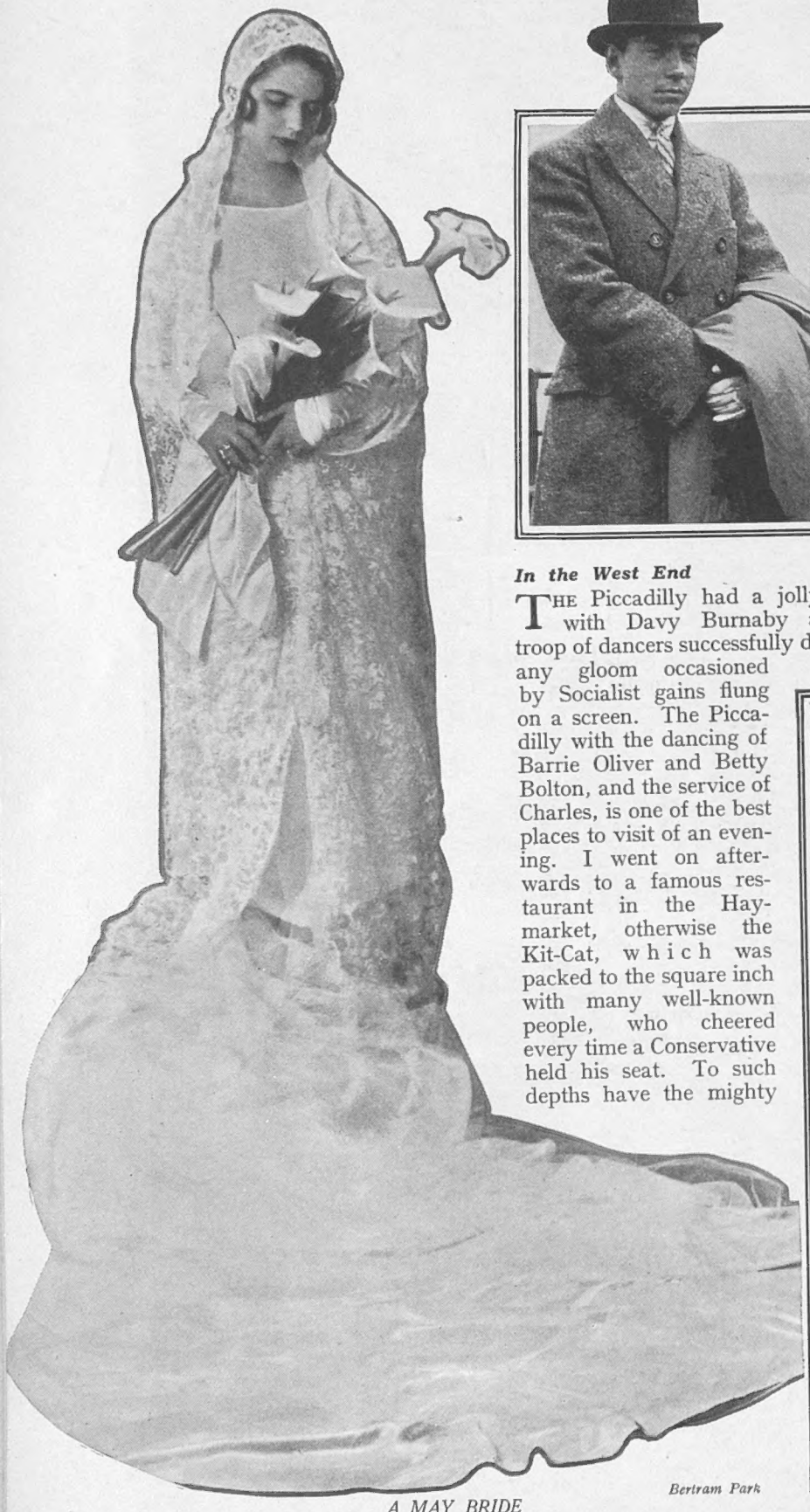
Lord Westmorland, for whom political excitement must be a change from the race-course, defied the fashion of a white tie with a double-breasted dinner jacket, Sir Joseph and Lady Duveen were with their daughter, Sir Cecil and Lady Tyrrell Beck, Lady Furnivall, Sir Gerald du Maurier, and so many more.



Topical

The Widow Bloodski, who nobly stepped into the breach on the sudden demise of her husband the Count, was amongst the non-official candidates to be defeated. Despite her winning smile and the efforts of her supporters, the good lady failed to win the votes of the enlightened electorate of Oxford University. She succeeded, however, in winning more laughs than all the other candidates put together

ELECTION NIGHT FESTIVITIES



Bertram Park

A MAY BRIDE

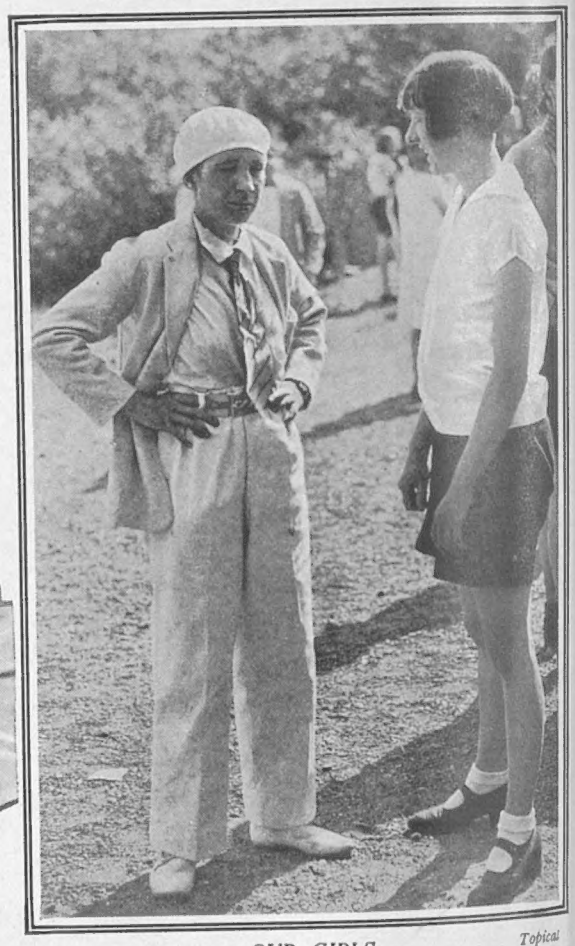
A bride who defied the May superstition by marrying Signor Luis Marcelino de Aguirre last month seen in her bridal gown of white satin with a veil of exquisite antique rose point lace. She was formerly Miss Virginia Clayton Willys and is the daughter of Mr. John North Willys, the American millionaire motor manufacturer

A ROYAL VISITOR

Princess Ingrid of Sweden photographed with her brothers, Prince Gustav Adolf and Prince Sigvard. Rumour hath it that we may soon congratulate her and a certain very popular Prince

In the West End

THE Piccadilly had a jolly night, with Davy Burnaby and his troop of dancers successfully dispelling any gloom occasioned by Socialist gains flung on a screen. The Piccadilly with the dancing of Barrie Oliver and Betty Bolton, and the service of Charles, is one of the best places to visit of an evening. I went on afterwards to a famous restaurant in the Haymarket, otherwise the Kit-Cat, which was packed to the square inch with many well-known people, who cheered every time a Conservative held his seat. To such depths have the mighty



Topical

OUR GIRLS

The lady on the left was the coxswain of one of the girls' crews of King's College which took part in a regatta to decide which eights are to represent King's in the Inter-Varsity Championships. Seven races were held on the Thames at Barnes

ROYALTY AND A RUMOUR

Central News

PRINCE GEORGE

Their Majesties' Civil Servant son. It is possible that his interest in a certain princess, who shall be nameless, may shortly materialise into an important announcement

fallen! And now we will wait to see the Socialists introduce the new Utopia which they have promised, whilst all the Capitalists take the Golden Arrow to happier climes.

A Bumper Number

THE June and second number of *Britannia and Eve*, the new monthly journal for men and women, is even better than the first. It is an open secret that *Britannia* in its original form—to use a theatrical phrase—"failed to attract," but now that it has been converted into a monthly it distances all its competitors. Its success constitutes a journalistic record for a "come back." There is value for money here, for not only are there two hundred and twenty pages with a charming illustrated cover revealing Lewis Baumer at his best, but the contributors are a distinguished band, who, unlike some distinguished contributors, whose work is seen elsewhere, have written up to their reputations! There are five complete short stories by Edgar Wallace, John Paris, Wolf Wyllarde, Walter Duranty, and Guy Gilpatric; articles by A. A. Milne—who does not believe in spirits—Warwick Deeping, Lord Birkenhead—who describes Prohibition in U.S.A. as a farce—Lady Drummond Hay, and Lady Cynthia Asquith, etc. A bumper shillingsworth.

A Party Without End

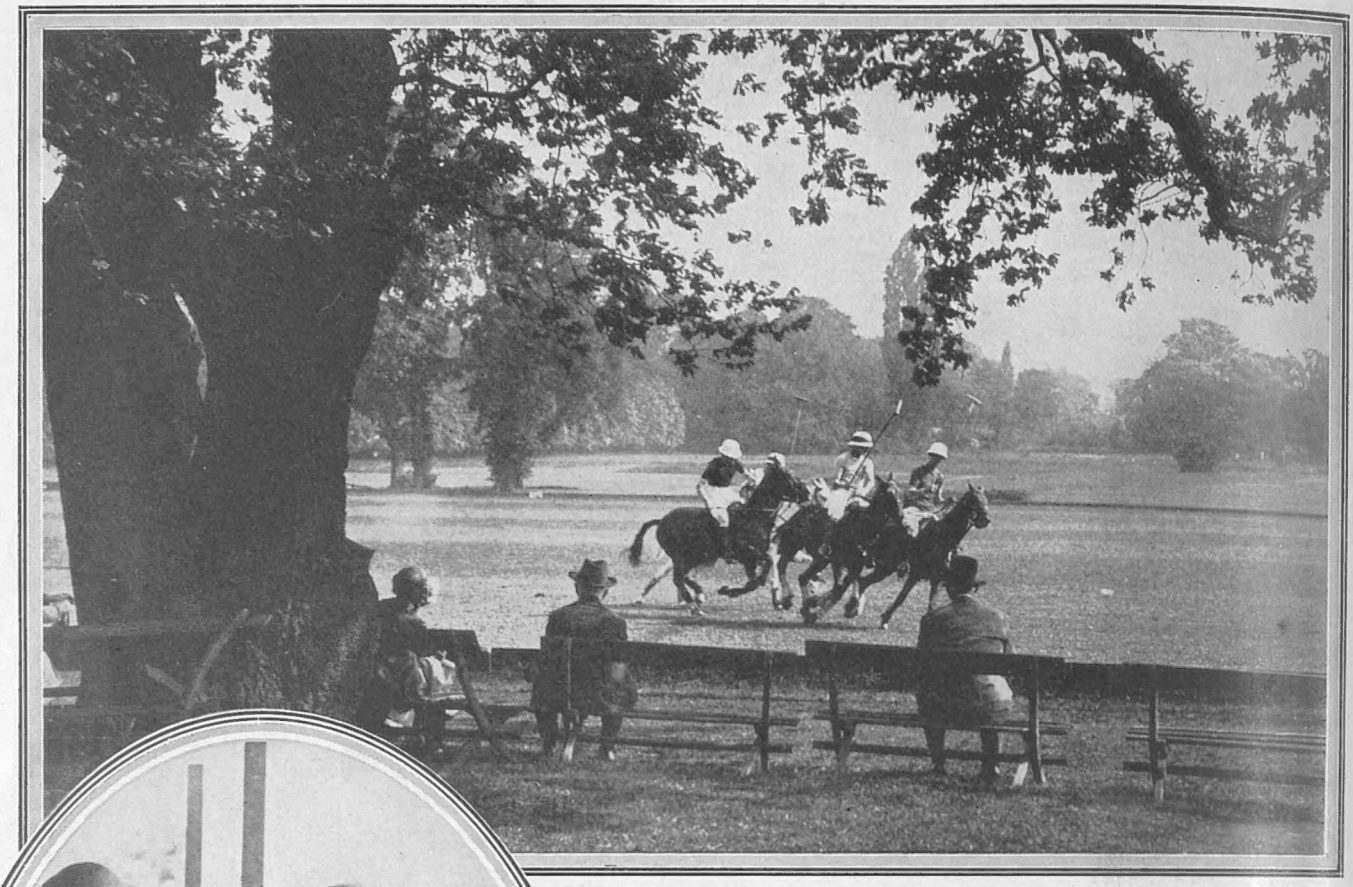
THE craze of the cocktail party shows no indication of diminishing; in fact, economical hostesses, or those whose hospitality outruns their financial capacity, resort more and more to this means of entertaining. I participated at one last week that almost challenged the record set up by Miss Anita Loos' heroine for a party lasting four days, where disabled guests were replenished by an organised system of relays! In this case, however, my host was not a blonde, but Mr. John Heygate, a member of the B.B.C. solar system, and, it must be, an authority upon sandwiches, for seldom have I come upon such a variety as at this party, surmounted, and accompanied, by the magnificent sight of Bologna sausage, which no admirer of Mussolini or Soho can—or should—ever withstand, and bowls and bowls of salad. For the point of this party was that you could arrive, go away to dinner or the theatre, and come back again, but if you wished to stay, then the Bologna and the rest of the sandwich repertory were there to maintain colloquial force, though that was hardly needed with such spon-

Bradleys

A JUNE BRIDE

The Hon Mrs. Hodgkins, whose wedding to Mr. Eliot Hodgkins took place at the Temple Church last Saturday, June 1. The only daughter of the Lord Chief Justice, Lord Hewart of Bury, and of Lady Hewart, she was before her marriage the Hon. Katharine Hewart

THE PILGRIMS IN THE POLO FIELD



Express Photos

THE GALLOPING GAME 'NEATH SUMMER SKIES

A photograph taken during the Low Handicap match at Roehampton between the Life Guards and the Swallows. The Life Guards, seen in dark jerseys, received 8½ goals and beat the Swallows by 12½ goals to 9

Sport and General

THE PILGRIMS BRING OFF A DOUBLE

Mrs. Vivian Lockett presenting prizes at Roehampton to members of the Pilgrims team, who beat the 17/21 Lancers, who received 1½ goals, by 8 goals to 4½. Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer is seen receiving his prize, Mr. A. Grisan being immediately behind him. The same team beat the Hurricanes in the final of the Buenos Aires Cup at Ranelagh on the same day, the final scores being Pilgrims, receive 1½, 7½ goals, Hurricanes 7

taneous conversationalists present as the Hon. Diana Sackville-West, the Marquess of Donegall, Lady Rosemary Wilbraham, Lord Lathom's sister, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson, the artist, and his wife, and Miss Elizabeth Ponsonby.

At the Opera

THE Italian Opera Season has opened with a heap of new talent, principally the appearance of Madame Rosa Ponselle in Bellini's old-fashioned *Norma*, and the Red Indian singer, Mme. Ina Souce, in *Turandot*. Why Mme. Ponselle chose to make her debut in *Norma*, or why the Opera Syndicate permitted it, is difficult to understand, for without this new Italian-American singer it would have required considerable restraint not to have left after the first act. Mme. Ponselle has not the flashing personality of a Jeritza, her charm is more subdued, but her voice, save for a little roughness in her middle notes, is exquisite, and she had with her a mezzo-soprano of rich flexibility of tone that excused somewhat frequent recourse to a vibrato. Their duets were as nightingales in the dark excitement of a June night.

With the Russians

THE Russian Balalaika Orchestra played at the Albert Hall on Sunday, May 26, to a most enthusiastic audience. The male choir sang some typical Russian songs—some gloomy, some impassioned—and the orchestra played their haunt-

THE DERBY

Our Special Selections for the Derby will be found on p. 540.

The details of the first of the new "Bystander" Bridge Competition are unavoidably held over till next week, when they will appear in our

SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER,

which includes a brilliant short story by

MICHAEL ARLEN.

ROYALTY NORTH OF THE TWEED

Centra. News

ROYALTY IN EDINBURGH

The Duke and Duchess of York at Edinburgh Castle, where the Duke unveiled statues to Bruce and Wallace to mark the 600th anniversary of the granting of the city's charter. The heralds heading the procession took part in a historical pageant that followed the unveiling ceremonies

MILL GIRL MANNEQUINS L.N.A.

Sir Cooper Rawson, the M.P. for Brighton, with Leicestershire mill girls who visited the town to display the season's new bathing gowns. Leicestershire is famous for its pretty girls, and those who visited Brighton certainly added to their county's reputation in this respect

ing melodies with such verve and rhythm that feet tingled to dance; the outstanding event was when M. Serge Sawin, a tall commanding figure in a long scarlet coat and Russian boots, danced a wonderful Trepak dance to the accompaniment of the orchestra. The audience, delighted, insisted upon another, and this was even more intricate. The Balalaika solo playing of Miss Elisabeth Wolguina was very pleasing.

In the World of Art

AN invitation came last week to visit the exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Lily Converse, an American of Continental extraction, at the Claridge Gallery. Mrs. Converse, whose daughter Sonia is usually to be seen at most private dances during the Season, has usually concerned herself with crayon portraits of our contemporary social celebrities, and with these it can hardly be said that her art or her subjects were well served. Consequently, it was a welcome surprise to arrive at the Claridge Gallery to find a minimum of portraits—one of Mr. Harry Melvill—and the rest a refreshing sequence of landscapes and some admirable lithographs. Trees, firs, pines, cypresses, seem to stir Mrs. Converse's imagination, and she has made of the Japanese garden at Ranelagh a lively and dramatic picture with the red wood bridge against a massed background of green foliage. Upstairs at the Claridge Gallery is another exhibition by two Frenchmen, Jean Hugo, a great grandson of the redoubtable Victor, and Max Jacob, a philosopher turned artist, who has half a dozen religious pictures painted after he had become a Roman Catholic, and under the influence, he says, of visions while in a monastery.

BIG BOATS START THE SEASON A

Photopress

A scene on board Lord Waring's White Heather during the match for yachts over twenty metres. White Heather, which finished second, is seen leading Cambria, which was placed third, and the winner, Shamrock

An enthusiastic follower of yachting watching the racing. A large number of spectators turned out to witness the opening races of the season

Mr. H. A. Andreae's Candida, Lord Waring's White Heather and Sir William Berry's Cambria making for the mark. The photograph was taken from Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrock as she was overhauling them

Central News

Central Press

HARWICH—SHAMROCK GETS HOME

Photographs *Central Press and Topical*

(Above) Cambria closely followed by Sir Mortimer Singer's Astra. The shadow of Shamrock's sails can clearly be seen on the sails and hull of the former as she overhauls them

(Below) The new sport, outboard racing, in progress on Hipperholme Lake, Halifax

FILM NOTES

NELSON and LADY HAMILTON—AN ARTISTIC

WHEN "EMMA" SAVES NELSON'S FLEET

Corinne Griffith as Lady Hamilton pleads with Nelson (Victor Varconi) before the Fleet puts to sea. A scene from the silent film, "The Divine Lady," at the Piccadilly Theatre

"The Divine Lady"

A FELLOW critic announced that he was looking forward to this film "because it will be so amusing to pick out all the inaccuracies." Hardly a fair point of view, and the gentleman probably passed a dull evening for the very good reason that there are remarkably few bad mistakes of any kind in this American version of the love-story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

TRUE, the bewitching but frail Emma is whitewashed to a certain degree; when she first falls into Greville's hands she is represented as a pure young girl, when we know very well that already she had had half a dozen lovers, while her three illegitimate children are tactfully ignored, and Sir William Hamilton proposes marriage to her rather more promptly than was actually the case. We must, however, blame the great American public rather than Frank Lloyd, the director; it being a well-known fact that the Americans like their film-heroines to be either very black or very white, not having yet begun to understand that there is such a shade as grey.

MR. LLOYD is definitely to be congratulated on having grasped the simple fact that Nelson was a far greater personality than Lady Hamilton, who became immortal only by reflected glory. One might have supposed from the name of the film and the fact that Miss Corinne Griffith is the star that the *rôle* of our national hero would have been subordinated to allow of a million fluffy close-ups while Napoleon's guns thundered. I am glad to report that this is not the case; the battles of Aboukir and Trafalgar are conceived on a vast and splendid scale, very gratifying to an English audience, and Nelson himself, far from appearing—one almost feared it—as Miss Corinne Griffith's *gigolo*, really emerges as a figure of colossal importance and immortal courage. Personally, I found his death scene extremely moving. Yet I imagine that one critic at least will complain because Emma's enchanting face haunts the hero's last moments, and to that critic I would repeat the words uttered by Nelson just before he fell: "I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter as a legacy to my country." This speech, to my mind, entirely justifies such dramatic licence.

CORINNE GRIFFITH tackles an appallingly difficult part with charm and courage. She is not quite so beautiful as the glamorous lady of our imagination, who was, after all, so exquisitely lovely that the Italian peasants thought her the Madonna and knelt at her feet. Miss Griffith is, however, one of the few actresses

Lady Hamilton at her harp. Capt. Hardy (Montagu Love), Nelson's loyal companion, is seen listening to the playing of the famous beauty

and BEAUTIFUL FILM:

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

THE DEATH OF NELSON

The cockpit of the Victory at Trafalgar with the dying Nelson surrounded by his officers. This scene, which is admirably acted and staged, is one of the most moving ever witnessed on the screen and stamps "The Divine Lady" as a film above the ordinary

one could bear to see in the part, and she wisely refrains from indulging in the less becoming emotions, contenting herself with changing her costumes forty-eight times during the course of the film, and, I am afraid, forgetting that Emma, even in her most luxurious days, remained astutely faithful to white organdie and pale blue sashes. Miss Griffith, however, has moments of great appeal, and I found her particularly convincing when she so naïvely disgraces the conventional Greville by singing in public at Vauxhall.

VICTOR VARCONI is physically the least suitable Nelson it would have been possible to find, and it says much for this actor that he is able to accomplish anything at all with the part. Yet, apart from a round face and somewhat sturdy shoulders, Mr. Varconi is really not at all bad, although he somehow manages to retain both eyes until the very end of the film, and one wonders what happened to the historic "black patch."

IAN KEITH as the odious Greville and H. B. Warner as the doting Sir William were two of the major successes of the evening. Mr. Keith made Greville as suave, fastidious, self-righteous and scheming as the most ardent student of romance could have wished, while Mr. Warner was exactly like every portrait of Sir William Hamilton that one has ever seen. Dorothy Cummings, playing the Queen of Naples, contrived to be handsome and intelligent, and should certainly be seen one day as the Empress Josephine.

I NOTICED few anachronisms in this costly and beautiful spectacle, but it would certainly be an improvement if Greville were no longer to be announced at Court as "The Honourable Charles Greville." "The Divine Lady" is, incidentally, a silent picture, and it is perhaps partly for this reason that I found it so refreshing and restful.

"Submarine"

ONCE more the American producer disarms criticism by presenting us with that type of picture at which he most excels—a crude, stirring blend of patriotism and love and adventure that attempts to describe the perils of those men who earn a dangerous living at the bottom of the sea.

IT is unfortunate that the Americans should apparently own the monopoly of this type of film for the simple reason that these pictures are the very best kind of entertainment for young people, and if they are to be nourished much longer on their healthy, virile, Yankee patriotism, they can hardly fail, sooner or later, to cherish a sneaking conviction that the Stars and Stripes is a more adventurous and enticing flag than the Union Jack. As this state of affairs is one but little calculated to please their parents or teachers, it really seems to be about time that some enterprising English producer came along to glorify our own firemen and divers and sailors and colonists. "Submarine" is beautifully played by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves, Dorothy Revier, and an unknown cast of great merit. This is essentially a film for the strong-minded.

CELESTIAL ASPIRATIONS?

BY FOUET

OLD LADY: "*If you take me up, young man, you'll bring me back here safely, won't you?*

PILOT: "*Madam—I've never left anybody up there yet*"

A MESSENGER FROM MARS

He Comes to See Our Plays

By HANNEN SWAFFER

THE Messenger from Mars was very angry with me. He had been in London for a month, he said, going round to find the great British Drama, rumours of which had reached his dwelling by the side of some far-away canal. As they had picked up the voice of James Agate, talking about it on the wireless, the Martians had sent him to Earth to see some of the marvels so that the Martians could copy them.

"I cannot understand you Earth people," he said. "I do not know what we can copy. I have been round all the theatres and yet I find that there are only two plays in which you people give any idea that Earth has any decent thoughts or noble instincts.

"In one of them, *Journey's End*, all the nobility is used up in killing other people, while in the other one, *The Lady With a Lamp*, it is a story about how everybody tried to stop a woman from nursing the sick. The more intelligent and powerful the people were, the more they tried to stop her. In Mars we do not have any sick, and in Mars we don't kill people."

THE Martian had got very angry because, at every one of the theatres, they charged him sixpence for a short list of names of people who were acting. He said that after seeing them act he did not want to know their names.

He was very interested, though, at reading in one of the programmes that actresses bought beauty powder somewhere. It was worth coming to Earth, he said, in order to discover that women put powder on their faces.

"I shall tell my fellow Martians," he said, "that, apparently, Earth women think themselves so ugly that they cover their faces up. It is an interesting fact."

ANOTHER thing that struck the Martian, too, was how funny it was that apparently all the highest-paid players in England were brought from somewhere else.

"Haven't you got any actors and actresses of your own?" he asked. "They tell me that Delysia was born in France, and that the Astaires came from somewhere in America, and that the most applauded dancer, Tilly Losch, came from Vienna."

Then he seemed surprised that people cheered some folks merely because they were born with black faces. He wondered why some of the white people did not have themselves made black, so that they could get a chance.

"WHY is it that, the moment somebody commits a murder, or runs off with somebody else's wife," said the Martian, "some man seems compelled to write a play about it? Are there not any nice things that you do? I have been told about a man laying down his life for his friend, and about a cup of water being given in Thy name, but I don't see any of that on the stage."

"That was before the lip-stick came in," I replied. "That was before people drank cocktails, and men sat on high stools beside a counter with girls in the intervals of swaying their bodies to negroid noises."

HANNEN SWAFFER has promised to excel himself in our

DOUBLE SUMMER NUMBER

next week. He has already brought Sarah Siddons to life and entertained a Messenger from Mars in these pages and next week he will—but buy next week's SUMMER NUMBER and see for yourself what effect the great occasion has had on the Swafferian pen.

Stage Photo Co.

Lilian Oldland as Leila Arden and Anthony Ireland as Charles Granillo, one of the undergraduate murderers in "Rope," at the Ambassadors Theatre. A feature of this play is a supper party, at which the meal is laid on a chest containing the corpse of the murderers' victim

"MR. CINDERS": A SUCCESS THAT IS BRITISH

Stage Photo Co.

Binnie Hale as a "One-Man Girl" and Bobbie Howes as the one man in question in an amusing scene from "Mr. Cinders." This British musical comedy is still glowing as brightly as ever at the Adelphi Theatre

"What shall I tell the Martians about the theatre?" persisted the stranger.

"You ought to tell them it is so weak and silly," I explained, "that, merely because some foreigners have discovered a machine which makes noises on a screen, all of them have got terribly frightened and say they won't be in existence in a year or two. The more money they have made, too, the more frightened they have got."

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"I SEE in one play," said the Martian, "that you have terrible schools, where all the masters are dreadful people. Is that really the way you bring up your young? I see in another that, if two boys murder somebody, they give a party to all the friends of the dead boy and gloat about it. Is that an English custom? Do you have to do that when you murder somebody?"

I couldn't answer that one.

"Then I see that, in Park Lane, a most respectable thoroughfare, you always gamble when you are not shooting somebody. I must tell the Martians about that."

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I TOLD the Martian that that sort of thing did not happen every evening, but he persisted that all that he had seen in the theatre was cruelty, and lust, and infidelity, and stupidity of thought. He said that in *Her Past* all the English people were so wicked that when a Frenchwoman came to England all of them rushed into her bedroom and said they had done something wrong in her city, and please would she not tell anyone. That, he thought, was very strange.

"Oh, you need not take that seriously," I explained. "That is an American's idea of our aristocracy."

"But have you not your own ideas of your aristocracy?" demanded the Martian. "We would not pay money for an American's idea of Martians."

"One of our managers cannot read or write," I explained, "and most of the others cannot think. So they all wait until some other country does something, and then they copy it and expect everybody else to shout 'Hurrah! Give him a knighthood!'"

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"THERE was one show I rather liked," went on the Martian. "That was *Mr. Cinders*."

"Why did you like that?" I asked.

"It struck me as a very nice story of two young people who loved each other," he said.

"Ah, that is the oldest story in the world," I replied. "They used to call it *Cinderella*, and it has gone on for centuries."

"I hope it will go on for quite a long time yet," replied the Martian. "It was almost the only decent idea that I came across."

"Perhaps it was for that reason that the London managers would not produce it," I said. "You see, it was written in England, and so they all knew it must be dreadful. They refused to produce it, but brought over instead much worse things from New York. Then, to their surprise, it made even more money than they lost—and that was quite a lot."

ᔕ

"THEN I saw *The Sacred Flame*," went on the Martian. "There I came across a mother who condoned her son's incestuous love for his brother's wife, and then murdered her other son."

"Oh, that sort of thing is always happening on the stage," I replied.

"But isn't it true?" asked the Martian.

"It might be true, once," I explained. "If a thing happens once in life it has to happen always on the stage, when it is a nasty thing, I mean. When it is a nice thing everyone forgets it, and says 'Oh, that is old-fashioned.'"

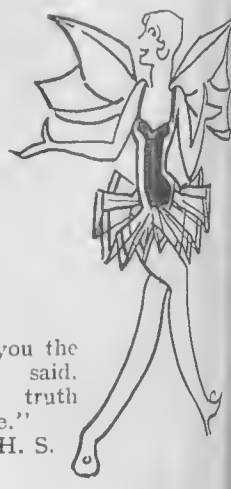
ᔕ

"I DON'T know what to tell the Martians about your theatre," persisted the stranger.

"For heaven's sake," I replied, "don't tell them anything. Say that, years ago, there was a theatre in England where people learned their business, and thought nobly and believed that they had a mission as well as a job. Say that in those days there were poets and thinkers and men who risked things for Art, but then there came a great war and most of the best people died for something they thought noble and good. Pretend it was like that. Don't tell them about how things are now.

He promised me that all he would tell the Martians about was how he had sat in a garden and heard a nightingale and lain back half drunk with the smell of pinks and lilac-bloom. He remembered Mars, too, shining high in the heavens.

"I shall tell them," he said, "that at night Mars looks even as beautiful from Earth as Earth does when it shines at the Martians. They will be so proud of that, they may forget why they sent me. I dare not tell them the truth about the theatre."



"Let me tell you the real truth," I said. "There is no truth about the theatre."

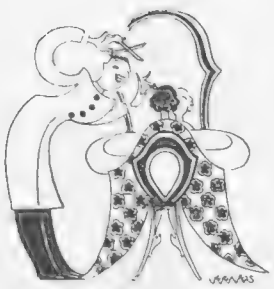
H. S.

MORE PURE CONVERSATIONS

BY JACK GREENALL

REGISTRAR: "*But the law requires that I record all previous marriages before issuing a new licence*"
MOVIE ACTOR: "*Good Heavens! And I've got a taxi waiting outside!*"

if gossip we



THE combination of Edgar Epstein and Jacob Wallace, Sculpture Experts, is indeed formidable. With Epstein (Jacob) to make the statues and things, and Wallace (Edgar) to write to the papers to say how wonderful they are, I can see no limit to the sermons on the stones.

The immediate lump of trouble, the figure "Night," which is to adorn St. James's Park Station, I am myself benighted enough to dislike intensely, just as I dislike the "Rima" business in Hyde Park, the nude figures in the Strand, and most of Epstein's work. I am neither proud nor ashamed of this attitude. But the annoying result of expressing any adverse opinion on these achievements is that platoons of enraged Chelseaites turn and rend one as a Philistine and abuse the professional art critics who are opposed to Epstein, and explain why (though but little explanation seems to be needed).

THAT of all people in the world Edgar Wallace should assail the anti-Epsteinites is amazing. Does this mean that, instead of writing crook plays and detective dramas—as literary counterparts rather below the level of "The Soul's Awakening" and "Shoeing the Bay Mare" our Edgar is going to adopt the prose style of, say, Gertrude Stein or James Joyce in "Ulysses"? I hope not, since he can produce quite readable novels and quote actable pieces at the rate of about, I think, five a day. I hope still more that this prolific touch is not infectious, and that Epstein will not turn out monstrosities in marble at a similar rate. If so, Wallace may repent of his "Night"-hood.

Epstein's musical analogy is quite fallacious. He says that if people dislike a certain type of music they do not listen to it, and that if they dislike his sculpture they need not look at it. But to hear music of the bizarre type one has to seek out remote concert halls, where even there it is but rarely performed. Epstein's work is in public places for all to see, and it goes on all the time.

THE humour of the annual Royal Tournament is like Heavy Dragoons and Heavy Artillery—only heavier. The Eminent Personages who "laughed heartily" at the dragon episode must have had a severe tax put on their ever-kindly diplomacy, for it was about as funny as Sir Walter Scott.

But those present who answered the country's call about fifteen years ago (when all our brilliant young men were safely at school) enjoyed watching the physical training (on-the-hands-down and so forth), with the comfortable knowledge that they would *not* have to do it the next morning at seven o'clock in the middle of a dim field with the snow lightly falling.

I enjoyed more than this. The cut of Major-General Corkran's uniform, in which he made a speech at the inaugural lunch, was a thing to see and wonder at, and so was that doughty military figure, Field-Marshal Sir William Clarkson, who had supplied the side-whiskers, etc., for Wellington's troops. Lots of these were in the corridors, demonstrating that even the Wildest Woodbine does not suit the rig-out of those who bled at Badajos.

By A. R. Cane

"Oh, mother, I *do* wish our name wasn't Hammond!"
"Nonsense, Hilderbrand, it's a very good name."
"It isn't when you always get bowled first ball!"

Keystone View

THE STOC

On the left are seen Miss Joan Fry, who is one of th Miss Sterry, who is another opponent of stocking. T that they will not wear them and are following the e

THE days are past when *un grand milord Anglais* travelled to the Continent in awe-inspiring state. I happened to go from Boulogne to Paris the other day on the same train as the Duke of Westminster, and a wealthy and very recent baronet on whom Captain Rupert Keppel (the Hon.) would have been delighted to let fly his most ironic shafts. "Bend d'Or," who looks as youthful and vigorous as ever and was quite alone, curled himself up in the corner of an ordinary carriage with a cigar and a paper, and soon dozed off. He stepped on to the platform at the Gare du Nord, hailed a porter, and was soon lost in the crowd like any ordinary individual—

must—

Topical Press

PROBLEM

gless brigade, and Miss Mackenzie, and on the right is m recently returned from the U.S.A. say definitely e Lady Champion, Miss Helen Wills, who is seen on n.

A THOUGHT FOR WIMBLEDON

It is reported that the Lawn Tennis Association will bar ladies playing in bare legs at Wimbledon

OH, Ladies, how could you propose
Discarding the decorous stocking?
A suggestion like that clearly shows
Your ideas are not far short of shocking
By all means let Youth have its fling,
But flinging off clothes a disgrace is;
So kindly do nothing to bring
The blush to chaste L.T.A. faces.

The Powers-that-be can't permit
So vulgar a sight, they assure us;
So you mustn't resemble one bit
A musical-comedy chorus.
Yes, the L.T.A. takes up its place
As the Grundy Brigade's chief defender—
The stockingless girl's a disgrace!
If she wears no suspender, suspend 'er!

If Helen Wills goes on the court
With bare legs you must do your duty;
Win laurels for pure British sport
And face the American beauty,
Resolved as you set out to play
In bandeaux and eye-shades and frocks, too,
That you'll give the fair Helen to-day
Not only some stockings, but "socks," too! B.W.

Heather Thatcher, who is appearing on the Halls in a sketch by P. G. Wodehouse. She has been away from the West End all too long

Edmund Harrington

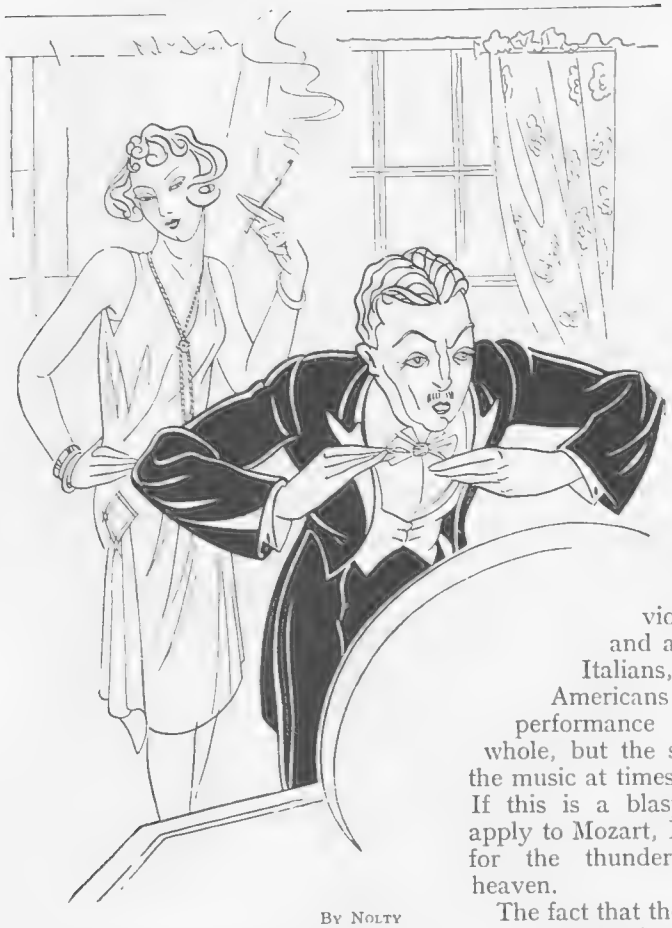
not that he is, or has even pretended to be, anything else. Not so our Crœsus baronet. He was first off the boat, with much ceremony. Officials, cap in hand, preceded him to his very much *Loué* compartment, where secretaries were taking down letters in shorthand. When Paris was reached there were more bare-headed officials, obsequious footmen, and an Isotta-Fraschini as long as the Rue de Rivoli. Oil is indeed a motive power.

WHO have the loudest voices in the world? Bar Americans, who in American bars can send their strident tones through everything and everybody as slickly as a red-hot needle goes through a pat of butter, I should say the English Le Touquet set. These people seem to take a pride and a joy in letting strangers with whom they are travelling know how they have played, or are going to play, golf, and how much money they have lost or won. The Le Touquet English accent differs curiously from the Melton Mowbray accent or the accent of those whom Luigi delighteth to honour with an occasional nod of recognition—which is curious, since the sets overlap.

William Davis

Bob and Muriel—in private life Mr. and Mrs. Rabt Johnson—the very popular American-born entertainers who have been delighting audiences at the Café de Paris in Coventry Street and at Chez Victor in Paris. They have recently become naturalised British subjects, and Bob commemorated the event in the true English spirit—he bought himself an umbrella!

ITALIAN NIGHTS AT COVENT GARDEN



By Nolty

"You remember that horse whose name you called out in your sleep last night?"
"Oh, er, you mean Jeannie."
"That's right. Well, it 'phoned you to-day!"

more or less Italian season opened, would sooner have had the Guitrys in *Mozart*. I say "more or less Italian" since the opera was written by a German, first produced in Bohemia, sung in Italian in an English opera house with half an Italian conductor (that is to say, a conductor who is half Italian), a German Zerlina, an English Don Ottavio from Peckham, and a further mixture of Italians, English, and Americans in the cast. The performance was good on the whole, but the story is a bore and the music at times sounded a bit thin. If this is a blasphemous phrase to apply to Mozart, I am content to wait for the thunderbolt to fall from heaven.

The fact that the night was stiflingly hot and that there was only one interval may have had something to do with it. Also the lemonade gave out. But there were other things that did not.

Central News

O UNLOVELY NIGHT!

Epstein's stone group "Night" over the doorway of the new Underground Railway building in Westminster. It resembles nothing so much as a dyspeptic-looking Buddha

Someone might write a book about this point. Did not Bernard Shaw's professor of phonetics know by the pronunciation of the single word "pneumonia" whether the speaker was living in Earls Court or West Kensington?

And if you want to know what Le Touquet really amounts to take a seat in the Folkestone-Victoria Pullman at 9 p.m. any Sunday—that is, if Le Touquet has left any seats available.

I HONESTLY believe that, sincere though the love is for Strauss and Wagner among Covent Garden audiences, many of those who were listening to Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, with which the

The girl on the left who is walking out of the page is not the vicar's daughter. She is merely hurrying off to order our Summer Number, which will be on sale next Wednesday. It is a Double Number at the single price of One Shilling

"OUR aim is to promote a spirit of discontent among the workers," chirrups somebody blithely in the *Daily Herald*. "Class against class" is, you may remember, the slogan of the Communist Party, from whom the Labour Party (whose official organ the *Daily Herald* is) was so anxious, on the eve of the Election, to dissociate itself.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his followers "roared an' twere any nightingale" for shop-window purposes in order to catch the votes of the cautious. But the truth will out sometimes from indiscreet but none the less faithful disciples.

Besides, I can never understand how the "class-consciousness" which is considered so great a virtue among official and apparently mild Socialists can be reconciled with antipathy towards Communism's "Class against class." It seems to me that your Communist is the better fellow

"And I'd like to know where any son of mine [illegible] such an all-round mess!"
"W-well, Dad, I don't *like* to give my sister away"

PERSONALITIES AT THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW

Keystone View

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS—"

In contrast to the latest Epstein horror is this beautiful piece of sculpture "La Douleur," by the French sculptor Guillame. It was recently acquired by Lord Rothermere

By Fred Buchanan

and gamble, use shocking language and get in

of the two; he may be wrong and misguided, but he has the virtue of being honest. And he is not smug. What is really wanted as an antidote to the "class against class" poison is a greater opportunity of putting glass against glass. In other words, scotch Dora with a tactful dose of more Scotch all round, or, at any rate, more opportunities of buying it and other things that make glad the heart of man and woman.

WOMEN will be very much to the fore among the exhibitors at the forthcoming International Horse Show. Lady Blanche Douglas (who is a daughter of the late Duke of Beaufort and was at one time Countess of St. Germans, before poor "Pussy" St. Germans died, at an early age, through an accident while riding), thinks horses, talks horses, and practically lives for horses, is, of course, showing, and so is Lady Yule, widow of the jute multi-millionaire, who is actively interested in the riding class. Lady Yule used to ride a good deal herself at one time, and hunted with the Hertfordshire and Old Berkeley, but now leaves that sort of thing to her daughter Gladys, who is a charming and unaffected girl and will have, probably, the biggest fortune in the United Kingdom. They have just returned from Antibes, where they rented Lord Aberconway's fine Villa de la Garoupe, with its extensive gardens stretching down to the sea, private harbour and bathing place, and heaven knows what else. That is indeed the life.

CLUBS seem inflammable spots just now. One afternoon I saw smoke and water and nice shiny brass helmets all over the Engineers' Club in Coventry Street. I have not been in there since it was known as the Motor Club, and a cheerful spot it was made in those days by lots of genial souls who probably did not know how many wheels a motor car has.

The following morning came the news that the Embassy Club was ablaze. What would have happened to the youthful scribes who writhe in their inability to call it anything other than "a well-known club in Bond Street" had the Embassy disappeared, like Valhalla, in the flames I dare not think! But the Embassy is built of stern stuff, and has survived even its past career as the Four Hundred.

My only wonder is that the Fire Brigade should have been allowed to enter without having their social qualifications scrutinised. Perhaps they were made temporary members on the grounds of their ability to bring hose into the place.

By Edna Clayton

Edna Clayton gives an impression of Dorothy Dixon giving an impression of Emma Haig giving an impression of a country girl giving an impression of gaucheness. Dorothy Dixon is one of the big noises in "Coo-ee," the revue at the Vaudeville

Olivia Wilson

TINA MELLER

One of the leading lights in C. B. Cochran's revue, "Wake Up and Dream," at the London Pavilion. She gives some wonderful examples of Spanish dancing in general and Andalusian dancing in particular

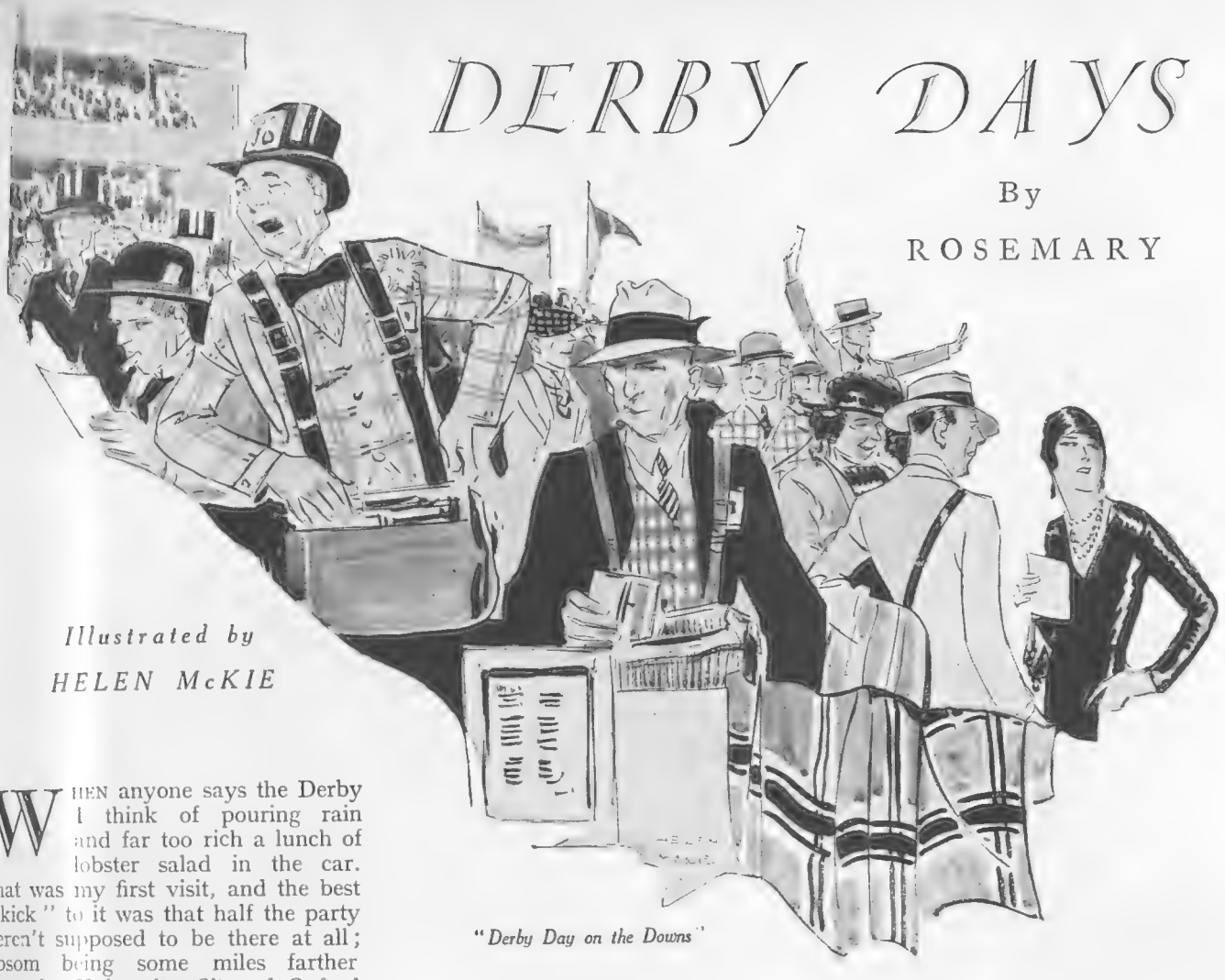
DERBY DAYS

By

ROSEMARY

Illustrated by

HELEN McKIE



"Derby Day on the Downs"

WHEN anyone says the Derby I think of pouring rain and far too rich a lunch of lobster salad in the car. That was my first visit, and the best "kick" to it was that half the party weren't supposed to be there at all; Epsom being some miles farther from the University City of Oxford than the Proctor's regulations allow undergraduates to roam. About the racing I remember nothing; no one seemed very clear about the animals running at all, except the American Yes-man in the party, who whispered at intervals to us:

I know two things about the horse,
But one of them is rather coarse.

And which that was we didn't get any further in finding out.

THIS year I determined to make amends. I decided to get it straight from the horse's mouth, as you might say. So I rang up Cragadour. "Hullo, an interview? I rarely grant them. I hate publicity. You will send a photographer and you promise not to cut anything? That's right. So awkward, you know. I arranged for a gallop in secret last week, but my publicity man muddled it; forgot to tell the Press to come, so there was nothing about me in the papers next day at all. Who do I think will win the Derby? I haven't the least idea. What a thing to ask me. But I'll tell you what I think of Epsom. It's just too cute, and I love your policemen. It is my ambition to act in a Talkie.

"YES, I am a vegetarian, but I have no wish to meet Mr. Bernard Shaw. An article for your Sunday paper did you say? Yes, I think a man should marry his typist. Sure I do. Anything else? Will I put my name to your indigestion cure? Sure I will. I chose your pill from four others, blindfold. What's that? Who do I think will win? Oh, what do I think of Mr. Jinks? Well, frankly, I think he is rather *bogus*."

I DIDN'T like to ask him the other thing that I wanted to know, so we rang off. It seemed to me he had rather an exaggerated idea of his own importance, and after all we've plenty of other things to think about at the Derby besides the horses. You might think we went just to see them running. Instead of which there seems very little time for that, doesn't there, by the time you've had lunch and looked out for people you know, and taken the few odds.

AND turned your glasses on the crowd either to study in philosophic mood all sorts and conditions of men or merely to spot celebrities. A game that can be played under ideal conditions on Derby Day, for there are probably more of the world's sportsmen to be seen together then than on any other occasion. Who was it said that some achieve greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them, some own a racehorse? For it is an odd thing that if you can own a winner you can become not only a celebrity but a well-known sportsman as well—though someone else has bought the horse, someone else has trained it, and someone else has ridden it!

BUT there are enough genuine sportsmen connected with English racing to give us plenty to look out for. There should be Sir Victor Sassoon, for instance, looking proudly at Gay Day in the paddock through his eyeglass and following him round the course through a pair of glasses that, judging from those he had at Hurst Park, are big enough to make Lord Lascelles himself envious. Another sportsman who knows plenty about racing—not least how to make his horses a good investment—is Sir Hugo Cunliffe Owen. Like other racing men he is very superstitious, and always carries lucky charms with him, one of them a ten-shilling

note, picked up on a certain course. Most of us would be lucky if that were all we succeeded in dropping.

THE Derby Ball organised on Monday by Lady Milbanke at the May Fair Hotel was a great success. Mrs. Richard Norton had taken tickets, as had also the Duchess of Sutherland, who shares the laurels of conversational prowess in Society with her sister-in-law, Lady Ednam. The cabaret included Ethel Levey and Georges Metaxa. Another ball which should be well attended is the Annual Midsummer Ball, to be held at the Hyde Park in aid of the British Empire Cancer Campaign. And this week, too, there are the dances at Cambridge in connection with "Mays." An event which almost invariably falls in June and has that name for no reason at all.

AN invitation that promises an original entertainment is that to the Garden Party at Albany on Monday, June 10. Albany is to celebrate its 125th anniversary, and its bachelor residents are inviting to their party prominent people in the Arts and the Sciences as well as Society. Sir Arthur Keith, for instance, I hear, has accepted, and Lord Melchett, while the theatre is represented by Edith Evans and Marie Tempest. I shall expect to see them going about with their heads very much in the air

"It is prodigiously difficult for two persons—

"Turned your glasses on the crowd"

—and this because the rooms in Albany possess some of the most beautiful painted ceilings in the history of the art of interior decoration.

ALBANY has an interesting history. It was the residence of the Duke of Albany and York, who fell on evil days; he sold the Mansion House, as it was called, and an enterprising pioneer in real property, as he would have been called in New York, built flats over the gardens. They must be about the first flats to be built in London. For years they were confined to bachelors, the rules relating to women being, indeed, so very monastic that Lady Caroline Lamb had to come dressed as a boy to visit Lord Byron in his chambers there. It seems to have been an Eden in more ways than one. Particularly for some of those who looked back after they had left it on marriage.

BYRON'S successor, for instance, Lord Lytton, the novelist, was equally unfortunate in marriage, and when separated from his wife retired again to chambers. Here he was not altogether secure from the intrusions of that very forceful lady, who in a fashion not unknown to lady novelists of our own generation, put her husband's portrait full length in two of her own novels, after the separation. "It is prodigiously difficult," wrote the novelist, "for two persons without economising presence to live comfortably when married." "Without economising presence" being, of course, Victorian for not seeing too much of each other. It seems there's nothing new to be said under the sun.

IN common with other institutions, Albany has not withstood the feminine onslaught. Husbands and wives can now live there, and one woman novelist, Mrs. G. B. Stern, has chambers in undisputed right of possession. The change came about more by accident than by intent. One of the bachelor freeholders died intestate. His next of kin was his mother, and she therefore inherited his property in Albany. The trustees took it for granted that she would not want to live there, but being a true woman and no gentleman she insisted on her rights. After that the trustees, a wiser if a sadder set of men, made certain amendments in their rules, and like others before them—and since—reluctantly conceded *Place aux Dames.*

Rosemary.

—without economising presence to live comfortably when married"

BY BROADFOOT CARTER

"FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING"

THE MISCH

BY LEON HERON

IEF MAKER

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

BRED IN THE BONE

By G. H. W. RAMSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

HEREWARD HASTINGS sent me a scrawled line one day and asked me to dinner. It goes without saying that I accepted, for Hereward has a cellar that is the envy of every *gourmet* in London. It came as something of a shock, therefore, when he said to me: "You don't mind drinking whisky, do you? I'm off wine to-night."

I perjured my soul like a gentleman, for I loathe whisky with a decent meal myself. Besides, I knew he had a Margaux '42 that I loved with a passion passing the love of woman. Still, I swallowed my pride (and Hereward's whisky) and wondered what the devil was the matter with him. He looked worn to a rag.

His wife wasn't at home—"out gadding with the Kid," he told me. As the Kid was twenty-two and pretty as paint (I was her godfather and we were bound together by the memories of rocking-horses, parentally-forbidden outings, and medically-vetoed sweets) I was rather sorry. Not that I liked Mrs. Hereward. I hated her.

So, I still believe, did her husband. Not that he ever gave one the impression by look or word, let alone deed, but those things have a habit of permeating the consciousness of one's oldest friends.

Mrs. Hereward, as I always called her, was one of those damnable women who always do the right thing. Her house ran like a Ford factory. Her maids functioned like Robots. Her frocks were always immaculate. Her hair was always coiffed. She was always exquisitely made-up. And Hereward didn't own a friend who didn't hate her.

Archie Carew and I used to curse her loud and long. She had driven the most spontaneous soul in the world, whose brush should have put him with the immortals (he had the real El Greco touch, had Hereward) into a fashionable portrait painter with huge commissions and a bitter mouth. He turned out profiteers' wives like chocolate boxes.

"No need to be quaint even if one *is* an artist," said Mrs. Hereward; "besides, we need the money."

Well, the money was forthcoming, and only Hereward himself knew how much that money had cost. It had involved the stifling of every bit of natural genius—that sardonic, scathing genius of the Celt—that he possessed. Poor old Hereward, he had gained the whole world (Mrs. H. had money of her own and had made him a fortune to boot), but he had lost his own soul.

He poured out his fourth whisky when coffee was served and lit a cigarette. I had been hoping for port, but no port was served; I had visions of a cigar, but all I got was a gasper.

"GEORGE," said Hereward, "something's got to be done about the Kid."

"What's up? A man?"

"The wrong man," said Hereward.

"Well, you're her father; forbid him the house."

"Angela likes him." Angela was Mrs. H.

"Who is he?"

"Clifton Jernyngham."

I whistled. "But what's the matter with him? I thought he was the catch of the season."

"The catch of the season is sometimes stinking fish." Hereward peered sombrely into the amber depths of his glass.

I was amazed. I had met Jernyngham in the ordinary way: dined at parties where he was a guest, been to boxes at the opera where he was *persona grata* with the stiffest crowd in Town. Perfectly dressed, perfectly mannered, perfectly bred, he was exceedingly popular.

He was also exceedingly amusing. He had a gift of imitation that made him a priceless guest but a dangerous enemy. He had ridiculed one profiteer peer to such an extent that he had left the country; but he did it in such a delightful way, and the beef baron was really so poisonous that everyone was on his (Jernyngham's) side.

Clifton Jernyngham was no slouch physically; he got his Blue for Oxford in 1958 without trouble and had been played for the Rest in a test trial. His cricket was quite unindividualistic; he had modelled his style on the slow-motion pictures of the giants of the 1930's, which are fondly imagined by the powers that be to instruct the young idea of Eton and Harrow how a late cut should be played. He played one shot like Woolley and another like Hobbs; he had something of Chapman when he hit and, at another moment, deflected just like Hearne.

Mentally, he was even better. He was quick as a flash on the uptake. He had an astonishing adaptability, and was perfectly fluid in his intelligence. Personally, I liked the man extremely. I thought he was both clever and a good sportsman. And I said so.

"Angela likes him, too," he said wearily. "She's cried his virtues as a hawker cries fish—stinking fish! There's nothing against him. His record's as good as any man's ought to be. There's not a breath of scandal about him. He plays the game. And he's wrong."

"What do you mean? Is it just a prejudice of yours?"

"Prejudice be damned! *I know!*"

"How?"

"My God, George," Hereward broke out violently, "I'm an artist. I've damn near lost my gift by painting these pork-butchers and their wives as if they were gods and goddesses instead of giving them the sausage-faces and sausage-meat souls they possess, but my instinct isn't quite dead yet. The man's twisted; he's warped; there's something unwholesome about him. It stands out a mile to the seeing eye. And I don't know what it is!"

I VENTURED to suggest that possibly that was because there was nothing to diagnose, but he wouldn't have it. "Call yourself a doctor, George? You ought to be a plumber. Have *you* never had a case before you that you knew was as wrong as hell and didn't know how to treat it?"

One may be frank with one's friends. "Often."

"And what conclusion did you come to?"

"I prescribed observation. Sometimes the trouble became manifest; sometimes there was no trouble at all."

"*I've* observed, George," he said heavily. "I've done damn all else for the last month. And *nothing* is manifest. But I'm right all the same."

"What does the Kid think?"

"She's not sure."

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"About him?"

"About herself."

I put that down to inherited prejudice. The Kid adored her father.

"And Mrs. Hereward?"

"Can't see beyond him. He's almost certain for a seat in the Cabinet. That cuts a lot of ice with Angela. And he's rolling. That cuts more. I tell you, George, if the Kid marries him I'll cut my throat.

One may, as I remarked before, be frank with one's friends. "Hereward," I said, "this way lies madness. Get a grip on yourself. Cut out this crazy *idée fixe*. Get a little proportion into it."

"Greco violated every law of proportion and perspective," said Hereward, faithful to the god of his artistic idolatry, "but he painted the truth."

"What is Truth?" I asked. Like the Roman, I prepared to wash my hands.

"What I say; what I see; what I *know*—that is truth," answered Hereward Hastings. "But I can't get it clear. It evades me . . . . If only I could express myself, you'd see what I mean."

"Well, you haven't been singularly lucid up till now, have you?" I said. "It's a pity you don't express yourself as well in words as you used to do in paint."

Silence fell between us for a moment. Then Hereward got out of his chair. "That's an idea. I'll paint him. It may clarify my own vision even if it doesn't illuminate yours. I'll paint him. Then I shall know."

There is, perhaps, no relation so intimate, spiritually, as that subsisting between artist and model. Priest and confessing sinner; physician and ailing patient; lawyer and panic-stricken client: they will all keep something back; but from an artist nothing can be concealed.

He recalled that a member of my own totem, puzzled to madness by a case he found it impossible to diagnose, was on the point of giving it up in despair. The patient was having his portrait painted at the time by that greatest of pre-war craftsmen, John Sargent, and the physician was shown the work.

There, on the canvas, for all the world to see, was the subject of the portrait; and there, again, as patent to the skilled eye as the rash of measles, were the *stigmata* of the obscure complaint that had baffled the doctor's skill.

Diagnosis and treatment were followed by a cure, I remembered, and, remembering, I told the story to Hereward. "Paint him," I said, "and let me see the portrait."

I left him hot with his resolve, and went back to drink a brandy by my own fire. The whisky still rankled.

My own life engrossed me for several days. I saw Jernyngham at two or three affairs, and the more I saw of him the more I thought Hereward was abnormal on the subject.

Finally, about a fortnight after the dinner with my friend, Jernyngham telephoned and asked for an appointment. He came into my consulting room, the picture of health, and I smiled.

"There's nothing wrong with you," I said.

"I know there isn't, but I hope to be married soon, and I want to know everything's o.k." He sat down with a peculiar grace and crossed his legs. I was insensibly reminded of Adrian Fothringham by his movements—so deft, so inconspicuous, so . . . practised. But his voice was the voice of Clifton Burgess, who has made the theatre of 1950 the magnificent thing it is. Modulated in exquisite tones, flexible as a foil, it is said by old stagers to be comparable only to that of Forbes-Robertson.

He stripped to the skin, and I examined him from head to foot. He was sound as a bell from top to toe.

"I can give you a clean bill of health," I said. "I wish more of the nation had your physique. The depth of your chest is a joy. It's almost abnormal."

To my surprise, he coloured—not the blush of English modesty at praise, but a blush almost of shame. He flung on his shirt and sat down to pull on his boots. He drew them towards him with his feet with the same deftness that had marked his other movements. And as he bent to fasten them, I caught a glimpse of his head from above.

Now Jernyngham had a fine head. He carried it usually flung slightly back, but as he stooped the angle of the jaw seemed insensibly to change. It seemed slightly too prognathous to make a good facial angle. "One second," I said; "come over here."

He stepped over to my desk, and I measured that strange index that Science has discovered set in the bones of the skull. The angle was remarkably acute. It was a full eight degrees lower than the average.

I was the more amazed, for an acute facial angle is, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, synonymous with stupidity. It indicates a low mentality, and Jernyngham was always referred to as "brilliant." However, no rule is without its exceptions, and though I was tempted to dismiss the phenomenon with a shrug, my curiosity was aroused. I determined to go further.

"If you want a real record," I remarked, "I must have something of your history. Are your parents alive?"

"No," he replied; "I am an orphan."

"How old was your father when he died?"

"Eighty-four."

"And your mother?"

"Forty-one."

"Your father, I assume, died of old age?"

"Yes."

"And your mother?"

"She died within a week of my father. I suppose you might say broken heart."

"That's a strange history," I said. I really meant it was strange to hear a man refer to his people so dispassionately, just as much as I was surprised at the disparity of the parents' ages.

Jernyngham was not amused. "Why strange?"

"A case of May and September seldom results in a broken heart."

"My father was younger at eighty-four than most men at fifty," he snapped.

"How old were you when he died?"

"Eleven. Why?"

"I wanted to know. You don't look like the product of a man of seventy-three, you know. I'd have said your people were about twenty-five or so."

"Age is a matter of spirit as much as body, I think."

"Don't tell that to your wife when she sees her first grey hair," I smiled. "She won't be pleased. By the way, who is she?"

"Patricia Hastings."

"All fixed up? My congratulations, of course."

"But of course." His eyebrows lifted. "Her mother's on my side; and her father's painting my portrait as a wedding present! That sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"And Patricia?" My voice, I fear, was ominously suave. I did not altogether relish his bland assurance.

"Pat's all right. Obviously. But don't let it out, will you? It's not to be announced till next month."

"I won't say a word," I told him, and took him to the door.

Left alone in my consulting room, I was for the first time conscious of the same sense of antagonism that had so possessed Hereward. It came to me that the painter was right. There *was* something wrong.

That facial angle—it was much too acute; and that callousness—it didn't fit with the man as I had known him. His history, too, was rather queer. The son of a man long past his prime should be a far weaker specimen than Jernyngham.

However, despite the gibes of the layman, even a Harley Street man hasn't time to dream of one case all day. But Master Jernyngham returned to my thoughts from time to time during the next week—until, in fact, Hereward asked me to come round again.

Ye gods! What a difference from my last visit to the house. This time the party was twenty strong. Hereward's best efforts from the cellar, Mrs. Hereward's best efforts from the kitchen, old Soper's best efforts on the plate and glass—the meal was a bit of an effort in all senses of the word. Caviare, *consommé*, salmon and cucumber, *fonds d'artichaux*, chicken Maryland, strawberries and cream—the acme of conventional food with not one spark of inspiration or originality; excellent and correct, but dull as ditchwater, even as Mrs. Hereward.

The wines, however, were colossal. We began with a dark sherry: drank a masterly Yquem with the fish, the Margaux appeared, unexpectedly, with the chicken, and a taste of fizz with the fruit. Port was not served, but a golden Madeira preceded the coffee, and a brandy of the "naughty nineties" finished the meal.

I could have wished the conversation was as superlative as the drinks or even as sound as the food. But it wasn't. It came in fits and starts, interspersed with ghastly silences. An appalling sense of something impending hovered over the table.

Patricia sat on my left and chattered ceaselessly as she always did. But there was a damnable sense of strain behind her talk that didn't please me. Deep shadows beneath her eyes told of too many parties—or worry. I should like to

In the climax of his rage he caught up a bowl and hurled it with the accurate aim of a cricketer

have been certain that it was the former. Hereward said not a word. But *he* was drinking whisky.

The only people who were really happy, it seemed, were Mrs. H. and Jernyngham. They were quite content, thank you: one basking in the wealth of the other, the other basking in the approval (and such disgustingly patent approval) of the one. Jernyngham was eating salted almonds—his one weakness, as he smilingly confessed—by the handful, throwing back his head as he crammed them into his mouth. The rest of the party dined and wined and made efforts at conversation. And it all sounded flat—like champagne the next morning.

I think we were all expecting an announcement at the end of dinner, but we didn't get it. Instead, Hereward got up and, opening his lips for the first time, asked us to adjourn to the studio to see his latest picture.

Mrs. H. was not amused. She was very sure they'd rather dance to the wireless than look at pictures; or perhaps I should like a game of bridge.

Patricia, however, did not want to dance, and I don't like Contract with Mrs. Hereward. She plays faultlessly and has a habit of annoying one with a sense of pained control if her partner doesn't do the right thing. Likewise, I wanted to see the picture. I gathered it wasn't one of the chocolate-box things Hereward usually turned out. If it had been, he wouldn't have shown it.

We all moved along to the studio, and I, for one, was conscious of an impending *dénouement*., I was not to be disappointed.

THE studio was a long room that was normally a litter of pigments, brushes, palette-knives, *mahl-sticks*, lay figures, draperies, glasses and cigarette-ends. In honour of the occasion, however, it had been reduced to a semblance of order. Beneath the one swinging lamp—that same Byzantine boat of wrought metal which had figured in more than one of Hereward's Academy portraits—stood a large canvas on an easel. It was draped in an unholy *batik* veil—a ghastly thing of kaleidoscopic colouring that blazed with an evil lustre beneath the lamp.

With a gesture of at once defiance and disdain, Hereward flung aside the covering and showed us the work.

It is not too much to say that we gasped. I, for one, never want to see another such piece of painting.

It was a portrait—if you can call it a portrait—of Jernyngham. He was correctly arrayed in morning-coat and white spats: his head bore upon it the conventional shining cylinder of black silk. He was poised in the attitude of one throwing—a suggestion, apparently, of his cricketing prowess. But it was not a cricket ball that the figure held in its backflung hand, but a coconut.

As we crowded in closer to the canvas, the full horror of the work dawned upon us. There was a bestiality about the face that made one shudder. The acute angle of the jaw that I had noted was intensified in the true El Greco manner; the fine eyes were almost veiled, screwed up as if taking aim, but behind their wrinkled lids they looked like black glass beads. The brow was corrugated as if in concentration, and the forehead puckered with lines. The lips were drawn back, showing gleaming teeth and pale pink gums. . . .

It was not a man, but the anthropoid spirit of an ape that lived on the canvas. I turned to compare it with the original, and the amazing resemblance of the obscene travesty struck me like a blow.

For Jernyngham, beholding himself as Hereward had painted him, seemed to turn from a good-looking, well-bred, well-dressed young man into that most pitiful of earthly sights, a monkey dressed as a man. . . .

There was a terrible silence, and Mrs. Hereward's flat voice cut across the room like acid. "I must apologise for my husband, ladies and gentlemen. He has not been well of late. Shall we go and dance?"

Trust the not so angelic Angela to put the best face on it!

But Jernyngham did not take the hint. He jabbered and screamed at Hereward like a maniac—say, rather, like a monkey. He stamped and spat and showed his gums in one of the most indecent paroxysms of hysteria it has ever been my misfortune to witness. In the climax of his rage he caught up a bowl and hurled it with the accurate aim of a cricketer—or an ape—clean through the chattering portrait.

And Hereward stood before the ruined canvas—a masterpiece if ever there was one—with the incredible intellectual cruelty of the Celt shining in his eyes, and the harsh, sardonic lines of bitter laughter graven deep upon his face. Silent and immobile he stood there, for all the world like one of the ancient soulless gods of his Gaelic ancestors.

At last, a long, long last, Jernyngham got some kind of control of himself and endeavoured to catch at his dignity. "I am leaving your house," he said, over and over again. "I am leaving your house."

OVER the rest of that evening I should like to draw a veil. A more wretched set of excuses trumped up by the guests to enable them to get away could not be imagined. But I, at Hereward's request, stayed on. When the last of them had gone, Angela marched out of the room. At the door she turned and spat an unforgivable insulting rigmarole at Hereward—he had ruined her reputation as a hostess; he had marred his daughter's chances; she had made him and this was what he had done to her; and the rest of the pitiful string of half-truths such a woman hurls at such a man. And Hereward stood there saying never a word and laughed—laughed at her until the tears rolled down his face.

Not a pleasant scene.

But when she had gone, white-lipped and staring-eyed, to her room, Hereward, the Kid and I sat and talked.

Hereward produced a dirty clipping from an ancient "Daily Echo" and a picture from a "Weekly Mirror" of a year later. The first recorded the fact that Reginald Jernyngham, the distinguished traveller and scientist, had undergone a remarkable rejuvenating operation at the age of seventy-one which, it was alleged, would give him a new lease of life. The second showed Mrs. Reginald Jernyngham, with her small son, Clifton, inset (a horribly anthropoid-looking baby), the wife of the distinguished scientist who had undergone a glandular operation last year. On the back of the illustration was one of those allegedly humorous columns with a suggestion that Jernyngham *père* was the man who put the "gland" in England and another line to the effect that perhaps the baby would turn out to be one of the "nuts."

So that was the truth. That appalling regression was the result of one of the scientific "miracles" hailed by the press as the conquest of death.

"When did you dig this up?" I asked Hereward.

"It was sent to me by the Randolph Agency yesterday," he said.

"But you never painted that portrait in twelve hours."

"I finished the portrait three days ago."

"And you didn't alter it, Daddy?" The Kid's fresh young voice, with something of its old spontaneity restored in her adoring adulation of her father, cut across the room.

Her father smiled that strange smile of one who is in touch with intangible things. Not for nothing was Hereward a Gael—one of the old Britons, if truth be told, crossed with Roman and Saxon, perhaps, but Celtic to the core. "I didn't have to touch it," he answered her tenderly. "I knew the moment I began to paint."

"But how did you induce him to sit for such a portrait?"

"I told him I was going to paint him as an orator. Hence the pose. I sketched in the coconut and altered the face from memory—and inspiration."

I took with me into the night the grip of the old Hereward on my hand and the kiss of a somewhat new Patricia on my lips. Curiously enough, I didn't think of her as the Kid any more.

And, as I walked home, I wondered whether those clippings from the agency had arrived *quite* so recently. It crossed my mind that Hereward *might* have had knowledge as well as his vaunted "inspiration."

But even a medical man—hard-headed, hard-hearted materialist though he be—may sometimes—say when he sees death arrested by a marvel, when he sees life created by a miracle, when he senses a power infinitely greater than the puny forces of modern science—realise the iniquity of reversing, however one may modify, the laws of nature; and he may, on rare occasions, such as that night which had witnessed both a death and a birth, recognise the unmistakable imprint of the hand of God. G. H. W. R.

In the heart of the Trossachs
with Ben Venue beyond

PARIS GOSSIP

TENNIS, TABLES AND TITTLE-TATTLE

By JAY MARTIN

Illustrated by NORMAN KAY

"Shrugging helplessly at last-minute requests for tables"

PARIS is purring with the prescient hum of a smooth, sleek, expensive motor that is getting ready to dash off and exhaust itself after the Grand Prix. There is a certain stamp on the city every year at this time: the shoulders of Souques, on the Cambon side, and of Olivier, on the Vendôme side, of the Ritz, are tired from shrugging helplessly at last-minute requests for tables at lunch time; the Russian Ballet is on, and, questioned if the Season will be a success, Diaghilieff says it will be if Gabrielle Chanel and Jean Cocteau have booked seats for the opening night; people run down to the Trianon Palace at Versailles for tea, and run back in order to park their cars and walk up and down the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois from seven until eight o'clock in the evening; the Maharajah of Kapurthala sends out invitations for a garden party; an enormously rich Argentine woman takes over the entire *atelier* of a young *couturier* for the entire month of June; the Polo de Paris publishes discreet hints in *Figaro* that it can admit a few more members; Jean Borotra gives a party, the only man in Paris who dares invite actresses like Spinelly with French *jeunes filles du monde;* and the Ambassadeurs opens, to the great glee of these same *jeunes filles,* for it is the only place in public where they are allowed to go; and the French International Tennis Championships are played.

A GOOD job has been made of the Stade Roland Garros, just beyond the Porte d'Auteuil. I miss the tree-bound courts of St. Cloud, but the new courts built by the city of Paris in memory of the War-time aviator, and later handed over for completion to a joint committee formed by the Stade Française and the Racing Club, are meeting with the approval of the players and public. The first afternoon I went out to see the tournament Tilden and Hunter won their match against Nielsen and Rasmussen, but it takes more than that to make me get a kick out of anything.

"THERE'S nobody here," I complained to Edward, looking over the crowd of thousands of people. "There's nobody here," echoed Edward. We had left our box (do you hear me, box) to stroll about. We returned to our places; suddenly I saw Mary Garden, and felt better. "Mary Garden is over there," I said to Edward, "in the light green felt hat with the striped band." "I wish she would fall out of the box," said Edward hopefully, "and c r e a t e some excitement." "The box next but one to hers is empty," I suggested to the boy friend, "let's go over and take it." "Do you think," he asked sarcastically, "that *that* would make her fall out of it?" "Oh, no," said I, "not unless I ask her for an interview." "Don't you *dare,*" exclaimed Edward in alarm. "Oh, don't worry," I answered, "the sun is too blazing hot." So we took the box near Mary Garden. Besides the green felt hat she wore her Legion d'Honneur and carried a pale green and yellow chiffon handkerchief. I had quite a long conversation with her. "Oh, how do you do, Mary Garden?" I greeted her, and she said, "How do *you* do?" "Oh, I'm perfectly fine, thank you, how are *you*?" and she said, "I'm awfully well, thank you." "Now that," I turned to Edward, "is a perfectly painless interview, isn't it? Just count three and the tooth is out and you didn't feel a thing, did you?"

AFTER his match Bill Tilden came to sit with Mary Garden. "According to the papers," Tilden remarked, "I am five thousand two hundred years old." "According to the papers," said Mary, "I am five

(Continued on page 532)

DEPARTMENTAL DOINGS

BY WILL OWEN

The Second Sea Lord entertains a colleague from Chatham

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 530)

thousand five hundred and two." Then I heard her tell somebody that she would be in Paris until June 1, and would then go to Switzerland for a cure. Then Francis Hunter joined her and I heard her invite him to dinner the following evening at Larue. Well, that is all I could hear, so if I come down with a sprained ear-drum I hope my readers will appreciate my efforts to obtain unconscious interviews. Señorita de Alvarez is the best looking player I've ever seen. She wears an emerald green sleeveless silk jacket, buttoning low at one side. Under that she wears a round-necked sleeveless Shantung dress, with a yoke at the top from which straight lines are sewed down, falling into wide pleats just below the hips. She has a snappy way of wearing a green bandeau on her dark hair. I know a lot about tennis, don't I?

ON Mondays everyone is back in town from week-ends, and road-mares are re-lived. One of the nicest little tours I ever heard about was when, the other day, in front of the Packard Agency in the Champs Elysées, the Prince Bibesco rolled up from Mombassa. The Prince, with the Prince and Princesse de Ligne, in a perfectly ordinary open stock-car, drove from Mombassa west through the Cameroon, then north to Oran in one hundred and twenty-seven days, crossing the Sahara in five. At Oran they met the Princess Bibesco who was *not* Elizabeth Asquith. This one was Marthe Lahovary, whose father was Rumanian Foreign Minister, and later Minister in Paris. I felt quite silly complaining of the hot weather in Paris while Prince Bibesco showed his route on a wall-map to an inquiring reporter. I am never the inquiring reporter. I just look perfectly natural and perfectly dumb, and everybody tells me everything. Well, I am not surprised that the Prince crossed the Sahara in five days, because during the War he blew up all the petrol in Roumania, and the British gave him the D.S.O.

PARIS is still going Spanish, with dance recitals by Escudero and La Argentina, and the revue at the Palace, "Pais-Madd," starring Raquel Meller. To the latter show I dragged the Editor of THE BYSTANDER on his recent visit, raving so in advance about Raquel that I feared he would be disappointed. He was a little at first, until he became accustomed to the magnificent art of this singer who has no singing-voice. All she has to do is to throw those eyes and that smile around a couple of times and you would feel Spanish even if you were a Czech. Of course, Raquel Meller is really at her best in a recital before a simple velvet curtain, when she only needs her eyes and smile and gestures and her wonderful Spanish walk beneath her beautiful costumes. She does not require a revue, although this one is awfully good, with troupes of Spanish-Spanish dancers, and absurd Spanish clowns, and strange, strident singers from Seville.

Richard Klegin

Miss Clare Luce, the famous Ziegfeld Follies star now in Paris. She is seen near another—but older—Paris attraction, the Eiffel Tower

THE Ambassadeurs opened with the best show brought over from America in years. And in the show is Bobbie Arnst, the girl whom the night-life editor of *Judge* has been raving about for months. She sings a little, and then she dances. . . . She struts. She doesn't shake, she doesn't wiggle, she simply shimmers. She has a beautiful little figure covered in glamorous silver. In the *finale* of the revue she wears a little white thing about as big as a small size one-piece white bathing suit, with a great big black velvet bow at the back. She's the cutest thing I've seen for ages, but appears so seldom in the show that I think she has really come over to Paris for a good rest. But the greatest hit of the show is a young dancer named Jimmy Ray. He is a genius jazz dancer. He starts with a sort of ecstatic trembling. He is the embodiment of an earthquake set to music. He is a mad imp, fired by some magic violence, and an artist to the bone—if he has any bone.

THE audience interfered a lot with the show because the tables so overflowed on to the dance floor that they took the stage themselves. It was a lovely sight when all the best-looking women in Paris in the most gorgeous gowns were dancing upon the stage with the lights flowing down about them. Everybody in town was there, but if you ask me who was with whom or what people wore you will be disappointed, for a thousand people dined, and heaven knows how many more came in after dinner. Most of the dresses were long in the back, although from the crush I'll bet they won't be long now. . . . Lady Abdy was very attractive in white. Lady Furness wore red. Who else was there? All the Kapurthalas, at different parties. There was Jean Gabriel Domergue, the artist with the funny beard. There was Sem the caricaturist, with Henri Letellier of Deauville and *Le Journal* fame. There was Mistinguett. There was Prince Serge Mdivani, and Marjorie Oelrichs from New York, and Armand de la Rochefoucauld.

J. M.

WORTHINGTON IMPRESSIONS

NO. 2. THE FILM STAR

As his wife sees him

As the producer sees him

As his dresser sees him

As the flapper sees him

VIVACIOUS VIENNA

Maly Podzuck, said to be the most beautiful revue star in Vienna, is appearing at the State Theatre. She may be seen in London next November, when her pretty figure will doubtless win her an equally pretty figure

Eva Verbe, a clever dancer now appearing in Vienna. She is seen in a costume designed by herself, so "Quality rather than Quantity" would appear to be her motto as far as dress goes

"Mme. Karsten," the beteathered beauty seen above, sings and dances in a way that defies the closest scrutiny. As the "lady" in question happens to be a mere male, it would seem that after all there is some truth in the old tag "Men were deceivers ever"

General Photographic Agency

BY APPOINTMENT

A BALL ON THE MATCH

The result in doubt till the last putt. Now for luncheon. Lamb cutlets and a long refreshing drink. The world seems a very, very good place. Salt? Certainly—Cerebos—reflecting the good taste of the ideal club.

Cerebos SALT

AT THE PLAY

A SCHOOLMASTER SMACKS AT A SCHOOL

"Keepers of Youth," at the Duke of York's

I BITTERLY regret that I can lay no claim to enunciating a novel truth when I say that fashions change. But, original or not, I must start off with that statement, and as an illustration of the point I wish to make let me recall that plays dealing with school life used to be written with the idea of exciting laughter.

THERE was Anstey's *Vice-Versa*, for instance, which Edward Rose made into a play; there was *The New Boy*, by Arthur Law, which was rather like *Vice-Versa*, only not mixed with magic; and there was *The Headmaster*, written by "Wilfred Coleby," who has had first-hand experience of his subject, for he was—and is—a head master himself in the depths of Dorset. All these plays might be designated as farces, even though in *Vice-Versa* the sub-title was "A Lesson to Fathers," and there was a certain amount of ironic powder mixed with the jam of humour.

NOWADAYS, however, when a school play comes along humour is not on tap. *Young Woodley, par exemple*, by John van Druten, was soaked in sex and deadly serious in intent. And now Arnold Ridley, in *Keepers of Youth* at the Duke of York's, is equally serious when showing—as he sees it—the life led by the teaching side of a private school. Mr. Ridley has broadcast the fact that he himself was once a schoolmaster, and it really looks as if in this play he was trying to "get his own back" on far from late-lamented colleagues.

WERE this his intention I think he has failed, because though his picture may be truthful it does not appear to ring true. Personally, I can swallow the head master's humbug when dealing with parents, but I cannot believe that any head would be fool enough to endure being blackmailed by one of his assistants, a poisonous games master who is—most unkindly—made to be closely associated with Kent County cricket! What was the Head's early indiscretion is not stated; but as he is made to talk of "us schoolmasters" and uses "me" when "I" should be employed, I suspect his hidden crime was murder—and his victim was Lindley Murray!

NEITHER can I believe in the games master before mentioned. Do private schools really exist where masters find assistant matrons of very tender years not only attending to their legitimate wants but being also that master's mistress for two years! Do assistant masters indulge in free fights, as here depicted, when they come to blows with

By
VERNON WOODHOUSE

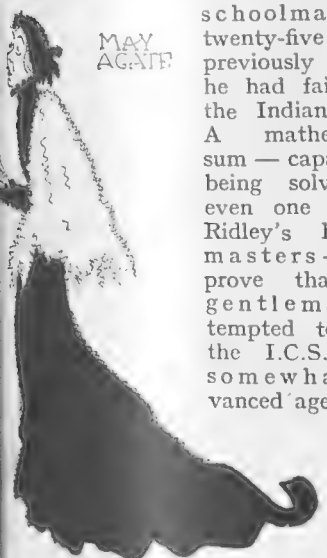
Sketches of "The Infinite Shoeblack," at the Globe Theatre, by H. H HARRIS

each other for the assistant matrons' favours? And I find it hard to believe that any head master—even one who is being blackmailed—when discovering one of his staff comforting an assistant matron in tears and very dainty under-garments under most compromising circumstances, handling such a delicate situation by remarking, "Will you kindly explain the meaning of this . . . on second thoughts, no!"

But then the dialogue in this play is not its strong point, for the author is under the mistaken impression that the use of strong language makes strong scenes stronger, while some of the retorts do not do what sometimes happen to retorts and that is —explode! I have no objection to one master saying to another, "You're a low, mean, dirty, back-biting cad"; but I do strongly object to the answer, "What do you mean by that?" not only because the meaning is obvious, but because the reply is not dramatic.

In an argument between these same two masters the Kent cricketer remarks, "If ever I catch you with that little tart"—a bell rings—"Blast it, there's prayers and on that the curtain descends! Which goes to show that the author, in his attempts at irony, prefers direct method to the subtle.

What I thought the best thing about this play was a sketch of a spineless master who merely lets things drift through inertia. That was a type in which one could believe, but even here, unless my ears deceived me, the author was guilty of a *gaffe*. This housemaster was over sixty and yet, according to his explanation, he took up the dreary life —to him — of schoolmastering twenty-five years previously because he had failed for the Indian Civil! A mathematical sum — capable of being solved by even one of Mr. Ridley's housemasters — will prove that this gentleman attempted to enter the I.C.S. at a somewhat advanced age!



Herbert Ross played this part very cleverly, but I cannot say that, in many instances, the cast gave "an air of verisimilitude to a bald and unpretentious narrative." I have never seen that clever actor D. A. Clarke-Smith, who played the blackmailing games master, to less advantage; George Elton, as another master who was always prattling about "the dear old school," was a bore who might have been funny but—was a bore; while H. St. Barbe-West as the Head appeared acutely conscious that his school was a rotten one. A newcomer in Patricia Bradfield had little chance to give reality to the proceedings, even though her surname is closely associated with a public school.

"Jane Clegg" and "Medea," at Wyndham's

Sybil Thorndike has done wisely in reviving *Jane Clegg*, for it gives her a chance of repeating one of her very best performances as well as giving the rest of the cast a chance of playing real characters. As the wife of a waster who feels that all she has to live for are her two children, she gives a restrained and most moving performance. Lewis Casson, though not too well suited, cleverly indicates the shiftless, criminal husband, while Clare Greet as his doting, idiotic mother, gets every ounce of acid humour out of the part. This play is now staged without any break, the curtain only falling between the acts to indicate the lapse of time, and it says much for its gripping, if somewhat sordid, quality that the extended sitting felt none too long.

But was it not something of a mistaken policy to follow *Jane Clegg* with the still more gloomy *Medea*? It is true that it gives Sybil Thorndike another chance of showing what a fine actress she is, but I should have preferred a greater contrast. One of those amusing, cynical Grand Guignol plays which helped to bring this actress to the fore would surely have been a better choice.

"The Infinite Shoeblack," at the Globe

H. H. Harris's illustrations deal this week with the above play, which has now moved to the Globe Theatre. In drawing Norman MacOwan as the doctor he has also drawn the author of this admirable comedy in which Leslie Banks and Mary Newcombe play superbly. This is a play which no lover of good acting should miss.

ANDREW GETS HIS 'BACK UP'

WOMEN'S MOST POTENT WEAPON

Unsuspected Beauty

"FULL many a gem of purest ray serene the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear," sings the poet. And full many a woman who could achieve loveliness goes through life unnoticed and obscure because she does not understand that beauty is a heritage which must be carefully tended. The most flawless of precious stones in its rough state would remain unappreciated by the ordinary observer. It is only after an expert has patiently polished and skilfully cut it that its perfection becomes triumphantly apparent. And it is only when a woman learns to emphasise her best points, and sets out to achieve natural beauty founded upon good health, that she can defy Time and remain serenely untouched by his cruel fingers.

Pleasant Paths

HELENA RUBINSTEIN, whose London salons are at 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W., considers that superfluous tissue is the arch-enemy of a youthful figure, and she has, therefore, studied this problem very deeply. The result is a set of simple rules which consist mainly of a certain diet giving predominance to fresh fruits and vegetables, with but a little meat, interspersed with one whole day of complete starvation. In conjunction with Electro-therapy, compliance with these rules brings about wonderful results. Helena Rubinstein has also introduced a unique method of physical culture, which is daily demonstrated in her salons, and which cannot cause over-exertion. Not only are the muscles taken into consideration, the inner organs are "activated" by direct and indirect action, and, as the pupil acquires a certain knowledge of the presence of the organs being developed, she gains control over the entire body.

A beautiful skin is an active one, says Helena Rubinstein, and all her preparations have therefore been created to induce this state. She devises individual treatments for each type of complexion, and for the past thirty years has studied deeply every phase of beauty culture

Blemishes Banished

ONE of the most embarrassing blemishes with which any woman can be afflicted is the comparatively common one of superfluous hair. Helena Rubinstein is responsible for a new system which is called Diathermy. It is quick, clean, and almost painless, electricity being used only to heat the offending hair root and destroy it. Every woman should make a point of sending for a copy of "The Secrets of Beauty," which will gladly be sent gratis and post free. This interesting booklet gives directions for the specific treatment of the various types of skins, and enumerates the many preparations which Helena Rubinstein has created, not only to banish blemishes, but to protect and vitalise ordinarily healthy complexions. Her pasteurised face cream, which costs 3s. and 5s. a jar, cleanses, moulds, and softens the skin, while the Skin Toning Lotion braces the muscles and closes the pores.

A rosewater salver of 1615, lent to the Queen Charlotte's Loan Exhibition by Colonel Wilfrid Ashley. The exhibition was held at Seaford House, Belgrave Square

Photos William E. Gray

A rosewater ewer, a companion piece to the salver, also lent by Colonel Wilfrid Ashley. The exhibition, which is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital National Mother Saving Campaign, will remain open till June 8. The price of admission, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily, is 2/6, at Seaford House, Belgrave Square

THE "NEW TAILORING" —*the fit is assured when you choose clothes instead of cloth*

achievement

These lounge suits embody that standard of quality and tailoring which exacting men demand and for which they have hitherto had to pay a much higher figure. It is the achievement of the "New Tailoring" that such quality is now assured at these attractive prices.

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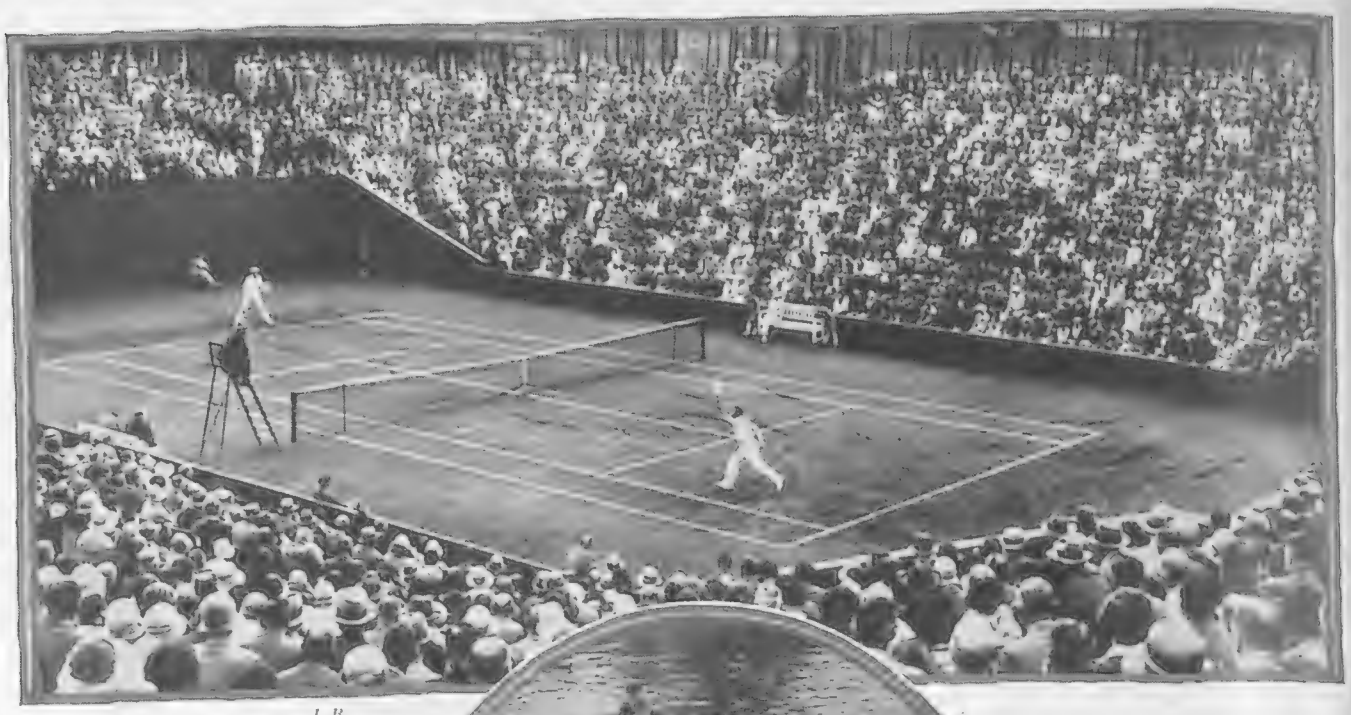

I. B.

CONTINENTAL LAWN TENNIS

Enormous crowds in Berlin watching Otto Froitzheim (right) playing Rene Lacoste. The Frenchman beat his opponent in this International encounter

I WENT along recently to see Essex make a pot of runs against Middlesex. It is such a change for this county to score quickly. Of late they have been "playing at Lancashire" and scoring ten runs an hour, or thereabouts, but evidently they find that going for the ball pays them—and they *do* go for it!

* * *

I MET "Hutch," the Black pianist, at Lord's the other day, and he tells me that he has had to give up playing cricket because of his fingers, or rather, I think, in order to keep his fingers whole and intact.

* * *

IT is strange how keen is the theatrical and operatic world on cricket. Denis Noble, the tenor, was also there, but, judging by the excellent scores he has lately been making for the Thespids, the crying of "Owzat" does not impair his singing, and the scores in which he takes interest are not all musical.

* * *

A POTENTIAL world-beater at lawn tennis is J. S. Olliff, who is very young, very beefy and somewhat temperamental in that he appears often to "fall on sleep" when in a winning position. In this he resembles that old International, C. P. Dixon, of whom it was once said that he dreamt he was playing Roper Barrett at Wimbledon, and when he woke up he found he *was* playing Roper Barrett at Wimbledon!

Sport and General

Brazenose went head in this year's Oxford Eights, this being the twentieth time they have gained the leadership. Enthusiastic B.N.C. men who swam out to greet the victorious crew are seen surrounding the boat

PLAY for the pretty M.C.C. Gold and Silver Racquets at Real—as distinct from lawn—tennis begins this week. The present holders are E. M. Baerlein (almost inevitably) and Lord Aberdare respectively, and there seems nothing to suggest that the former, at all events, will lose his title this year. It is true that Lowther Lees beat him in Paris, but it was generally said that Baerlein was deliberately reserving himself for his match with Etchbaster, so he should be in good form now.

RACING HINTS

Several of the strongly fancied Derby horses have been under a cloud owing to little ailments, but after final gallops there should be a clean bill of health all round.

It is a very open race, but I confidently predict that

CRAGADOUR

will change the luck for Lord Astor, who has already had five seconds in the race.

There will be the customary search for the "Dark" horse, and the best outsider for an each-way bet is **POSTERITY.**

Appended are the names of six horses to follow up on the successful system (proved so far this season) of supporting until they win.

FREE FORESTER

(B. C., by Hainault—Fair Maiden). Owner, Mr. G. Lambton. Trainer, Sneyd. Was backed for a lot of money when running second to Flange at Manchester, May 23.

MELLIN

(B. G., by Syndrian—Polymela). Owner, Mr. "Sol" Joel. Trainer, Earl. Third to Lundy Light at Manchester, and finished strongly. Was confidently backed to win.

NICE PROSPECT

(B. C., by Prospector—White Toy). Owner, Mr. J. B. Joel. Trainer, C. Peck. Was expected to win, but could only get fourth to Lundy Light at Manchester. Prospects of an early success are excellent.

CORNISH FRIAR

(B. G., by Friar Marcus—Poldhu). Owner, Mr. F. H. W. Cundell. Trainer, F. Cundell. Did not get too well away when running a dead-heat for third place behind Verdant Green at Lingfield. Was backed persistently from 6 to 1 down to 11 to 4. Follow him.

NONN

(Bay C., by Vizier—Risky). Owner and Trainer, Mr. S. Wootton. Ran fourth to Caryl at Lingfield. Lots of money from the offices came for him.

SANTA FE

(Colt, by Bucks Hussar). Owner, Mr. F. J. Barlow. Trainer, Walters. Was backed in the right quarter when finishing fourth to Lennoxlove at Lingfield. Did not appear to get going until half the journey was covered. Has won a good trial at home.

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GREAT STUFF THIS BASS!
33-1
50-1
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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

KING DAVID AND OTHERS

By RALPH STRAUS

THEY used to say that "a classic" was a book which should be seen but not read (I have certainly known it to be a mighty good aid to respectability). The definition may be out of date to-day, but people still take pleasure in describing some books as ones which you *ought* to read. They go further: they say that you *must* read this or that or the others, and if you do and cannot share their enthusiasm you go down in their estimation, even if (as I fancy often happens) they have only been handing on "literary intelligence" from somebody else.

❋

I HAVE been reading a novel which I was told I *ought* to read. I was informed (by an eminent critic) that it was an exceedingly fine piece of work—new and vital and of extraordinary interest. I glanced at it, and—you know how irrational one is in these matters—did not like the look of it. Also, it was a translation from the French, and I am becoming a little tired of translations. But, being in a submissive mood, I read this alleged masterpiece, and was—bored.

❋

THE novel in English is called *Beauty on Earth* (Putnam: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and is the work of one C. F. Ramuz, a Vaudois, I am told, "whose hatred of publicity has hitherto kept him in comparative obscurity." He has collaborated with Stravinsky and is closely associated with Cezanne. And now, it seems, he has achieved an international reputation. The publishers further inform me that "his style, the most original of our generation, will interest all who care about the development of contemporary literature." And therefore, I suppose, we *ought* to read him.

❋

WELL, the very shy M. Ramuz's style is certainly as "original" as some of Stravinsky's music, but a style which puzzles and bewilders is not, to my way of thinking, praiseworthy. I have read his book with reasonable care, and am not at all sure that I know what it is all about. This, of course, may be my fault. I may have been criminally blind to its mysterious beauty and its charm and missed the point of its story. I can only say that it seems to me to be a great fuss about very little indeed.

❋

THE proprietor of a small restaurant on the shore of a Swiss lake is called on to adopt a dead brother's daughter, who comes from Santiago or somewhere like that. She hardly ever opens her mouth, except to put food into it, but is so singularly beautiful that everybody worships her. The proprietor's wife objects to her—I don't wonder at it—and she is turned out. A friend of his takes her in and looks after her. One or two young people fall in love with her, and apparently she favours one of them. And that is about all.

❋

NOW, I admit that there are one or two scenes in which these humble folk become interesting. I like old Rouge, who rebuilds his house for Juliette, and the girl's uncle is understandable. But what is one to say of the girl herself, who says about fifty words, and no more, in the book? Elusive? Confoundedly so. So elusive that I do not believe in her at all.

❋

BUT I may be wrong. M. Ramuz may be a heaven-born genius, and his books may be masterpieces which *ought* to be read. For myself, I shall be wary of recommending this one at the next luncheon party, when somebody wants me to "fill" her an up-to-date library list.

MR. ELMER DAVIS
The American author whose latest book, "Giant Killer," is reviewed on this page

❋

ON the other hand, I shall have no hesitation in writing down two other novels which have come my way. One of them is *Giant Killer* (Harrap: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Elmer Davis, an American who was once a Rhodes scholar at Oxford. Now this is a "biblical" story, and here again—I say it with shame—I did not like the look of it. All kinds of novels are written round stories taken from the Bible, and some are very reverent and beautiful, while others are satirical and even snappy. Most of them, however, I find to be rather dull. But Mr. Davis's portrait of David is so human and real, so oddly different from what one might have expected, and so attractive as to make of his book a first-class entertainment.

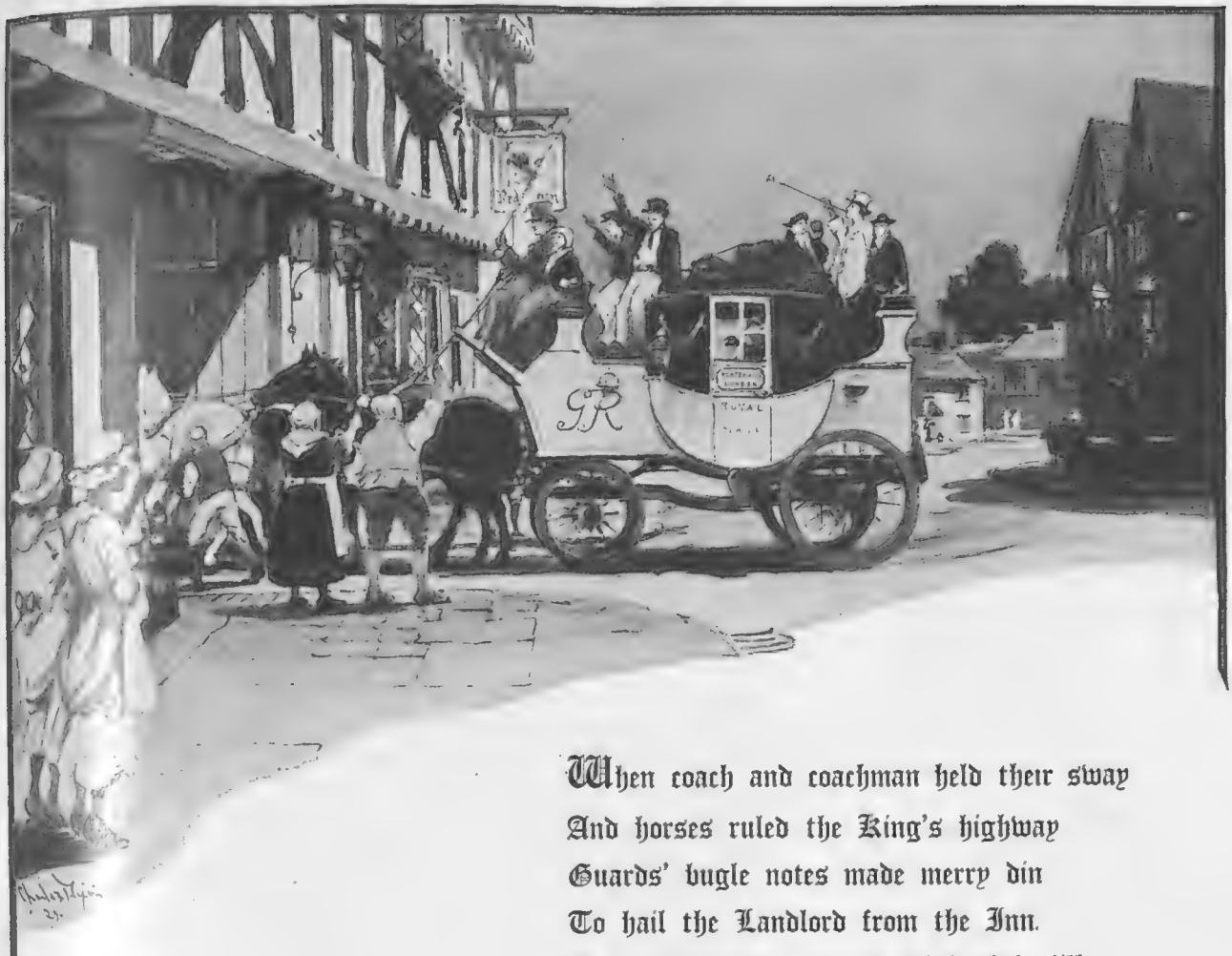
❋

THAT David slew Goliath with a stone has not, I think, been questioned by the novelists before, but Mr. Davis will have none of it. *His* David gets other people to do his killing for him. He is the artist, the poet, the politician, but not the brave hero. His greatness lies in his ability to choose the right men. And so we see an entirely new David, who loves many women but understands kingship; and we see him against a background which is startlingly alive. Those old tribal wars, the primitive superstitions, the family squabbles, the religious controversies—you see them all in a new and most vivid way. Moreover, David is not the only protagonist in Mr. Davis's drama; there is his nephew, the dear faithful Joab, who may be disillusioned, but continues to show that loyalty which can only come from hero-worship until his death. Yes, I think that this is a fine work. It may shock the few, but it will delight the many.

❋

AND then there is Alice Massie's *The Shadow on the Road* (Besant: 7*s.* 6*d.*). Both she and her publishers are new to me, but I hasten to offer a double welcome. The novel is good, and it is nicely produced. It is the story of Ben Lyddon's farm, over which a sinister shadow rests. The farm ought to have come to his nephew, but it comes to him, and the shadow is not lifted until some justice, at any rate, has been done. Not a very attractive man, this amorous Ben, and without his dairymaid Jenifer

(Continued on page 544)



When coach and coachman held their sway
And horses ruled the King's highway
Guards' bugle notes made merry din
To hail the Landlord from the Inn.
Travellers could eat and drink their fill
Would call "mine host" and pay their bill
And thus it was by gentle stage
Men journeyed in the Coaching Age.

* * * * * *

But swifter steeds of steel to-day
Bear travellers on their flying way
The Landlord greets with smiling look
The clerk then offers them a book
Because in court things must be right
They pledge themselves in Black and White.

BUCHANAN'S

"BLACK & WHITE"

SCOTCH WHISKY

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (continued from page 542)

goodness only knows what would have happened to his farm when a fall, treacherously contrived, lays him permanently on his back. Jenifer, however, is a really great woman. If he had not been a fool and a snob, and a money-grabber as well, he would have married her and obtained a perfect wife, but he is not like the farmer in the play. He does find a wife, but it is not Jenifer.

❋

YET she, too, has her triumph, and one is immensely pleased, for she has long deserved it. I must say that this book delighted me. There are moments, I admit, when you wonder whether Jenifer is not too good to be true, but I believe in her, more especially as Miss Massie does not sentimentalise. She knows these farm folk of hers extraordinarily well, and there is more than one portrait which will not be easily forgotten. There is, moreover, a good story, and I wish the book all success.

❋

TALKING of books which are well produced leads me to say a few words about *The Penn Country and the Chilterns* (Lane: 15*s*.). This, which is written by Ralph M. Robinson and illustrated by Charles J. Bathurst, not only makes very good reading, but is a joy to look upon. Most people pass over the Chilterns at one time or another, but few come to know very much about them. The old Oxford Road has now been rebuilt for the motorists' convenience, but there are still lanes and copses and fine old mansions and parks in Buckinghamshire which remain much as they were, and in Mr. Robinson's agreeable company it is possible to make a new and delightful exploration.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS

THE TORCH. By Eden Phillpotts. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

ABOVE AND BELOW. By R. D. Dorothy. (Secker: 7s. 6d.)

FIRE. By Armine Von Tempski. (Murray: 7s. 6d.)

GOODBYE. By Winconsin Glenway Wescott. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

AFTERNOON AND TWILIGHT OF VANDA PINELLI. By L. Stein. (Cape: 7s. 6d.)

COONARDOO. By K. Susannah Prichard. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

ABOVE AND BELOW. By R. D. Dorothy Secker. (7s. 6d.)

THE PRINCE OF SOMEBODY. By Louis Golding. (Knopf: 7s. 6d.)

THE MYSTERY OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. By F. Hope. (Selwyn and Blount: 7s. 6d.)

JILL CAME TUMBLING. By Mary Blaker. (Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)

CHILDREN OF THE ZODIAC. By Alice M. Williamson. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)

A NIGHT IN JUNE. By Donald Buckly. (Benn: 3s. 6d.)

THIRTEEN O'CLOCK. By Anthony Thorne. (Benn: 3s. 6d.)

ALL THINGS COME ROUND. By G. B. Burgin. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)

CLARE DRUMMER. By V. S. Pritchett. (Benn: 7s. 6d.)

KITH AND KIN. By E. Booth. (Duckworth: 7s. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS

TIGER-WOMAN. By Betty May. (Duckworth: 10s. 6d.

GREEN ENVELOPES. (Murray: 5s.)

SYBIL THORNDIKE. By Russell Thorndike. (Butterworth: 21s.)

CHILD OF THE DEEP. By Joan Nowell. (Heinemann.)

MIDDLETOWN. By R. S. Ingrid and Helen M. Ingrid. (Constable: 18s. 6d.)

SOME THRILLERS

I can recommend *The Man in the Queue* (Methuen, 3*s*. 6*d*.), by Gordon Daviot. Mr. Daviot has already shown that he can tell a good story without any detectives at all. Here he shows that he has mastered all the tricks in the great game of sleuthing. A man is stabbed in the back in a theatre queue. Nobody sees the stabbing, and there is nothing to show who the victim may be. Inspector Grant gets to work, and he is an interesting man to watch. He is still more interesting when he is dissatisfied with the arrest he makes, for then there is a nice little surprise in store for the reader.

There is little enough to guess in Sir H. M. Imbart-Terry's story, *Doom* (Skeffington 7*s*. 6*d*.), which is by no means without its thrills, and an old friend in the person of Inspector du Cas, whose personal appearance is even less sleuthlike than usual, makes his reappearance. *In At the Death* (Skeffington, 7*s*. 6*d*.), by David Frome, is rather more baffling, though I guessed *half* the murderers of Nelson Scoville very early on. The other half was candidly a surprise.

The Trout Inn Tragedy (Collins, 7*s*. 6*d*.), by Winifred Greenleaves, is well written, but rather disappointing. There are too many loose ends about, but *The Week-End Crime Book* (Hamilton, 3*s*. 6*d*.), by J. M. Walsh and Audrey Baldwin, may be safely recommended. For here you are invited to do your own sleuthing, and, as in the arithmetic books, the answers are at the end. R. S.

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To achieve this estimable purpose it becomes essential, not only to maintain, but to increase our trade. The majority of our customers we hope to retain until Death Duties do us part. Their legacies are bequeathed to us during life by wearing the clothes we make, and thus silently, yet ostensibly, recommending our productions to their friends.

Let us be more blatant still, and emphasise the salient points of argument; commercial artistry cannot be built upon a lie.

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The supreme care that is exercised in production ensures that each suit will keep its shape for years. It represents an economy, for it will outwear any three machine-made productions. A Bond Street suit is a symbol of artistry. But the affluence of art demands a constant change of tone and shade and line. All of which are Pope & Bradley's subtleties.

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Third: Tone and brace the tissues with Valaze Skin Toning Lotion, which closes the pores, corrects and prevents fine lines. 5/- and 9/6.

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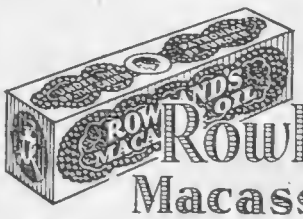

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"THE CALL OF THE AIR"

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

Summer Flying Times

CLUB Secretaries don't realise how many members they really have got until some fine weather occurs. Several weekly records were broken at the end of last month, the Hampshire Club squeezing 90 hours out of a mixed stable consisting of a Moth, an Avian and a Spartan, whilst the Yorkshire Club with three Bluebirds put in over 80 hours. Lord Carlow, who is a new member at Hamble, has made his first solo, and Lord Apsley, one of the Club's Vice-Presidents, is under instruction. The London Club still heads the list of flying times with round about 100 hours to its credit each week.

Aeroplane Photo

The Marquise de Casa Maury christening her husband's new aeroplane, "Toi et Moi." Lady Louis Mountbatten is seen in the party of friends watching the ceremony

Putting Them on the Air Map

BY the combined efforts of the Air Ministry, National Flying Services, Sir Alan Cobham, and the "A.A.," the air map British Isles is gradually taking on a more cheerful appearance. In addition, private enterprise is responsible for new aerodromes at Reading, Cambridge, Letchworth and Teignmouth, whilst two more country clubs are approachable from the air—Gleneagles and Englemere, at Ascot.

The Moth Campaign

AT least six candidates are known to have used Moths for their election campaigns: Lord Clydesdale, the "Boxing Marquess," Captain the Hon. F. E. Guest, Captain H. H. Balfour, M.C., who are all Gipsy Moth owners, Major F. M. Dougall in Captain Yeatman's machine, Mr. Hylton Murray-Philipson, a nephew of Lord Elibank, and Mr. W. E. Allan. The cockpit has been turned into a rostrum from which to harangue the multitude, and it will be interesting to see whether up-to-date methods have had the desired effect of turning candidates into members.

Jennie Dolly, the musical comedy and revue star, photographed on her arrival in England. She flew over from Paris in the Golden Ray

First, Second and Third

IN the Australian Aerial Derby last week the Cirrus engine was in the first, second and third machines, Nos. 1 and 2 being Moths, and No. 3 a Widgeon. As a light 'plane engine for racing, school work or pioneering, the Cirrus has no equal, and its latest success is but another instance of its reliability. Captain the Hon. H. R. Grosvenor, A.D.C. to the Governor of South Australia, who helped in the search for Captain Moir on the coast of Northern Australia with his Cirrus II Moth, intends to ship it to South Africa when he returns on leave, flying home over the African air route and across Europe.

Morocco the Mecca for Air Tourists

CAPTAIN DE HAVILLAND has several interesting things to say about his recent holiday tour in North Africa. First of all, the most pleasant route is through Spain *via* San Sebastian, Burgos, Madrid, and Seville, there being a good landing ground on the neutral zone at Gibraltar before crossing the Straits. There are many places on the North African coast and inland up to the foothills of the Atlas Mountains where safe landings can be made, after the precaution of flying low to choose a perch. He found the officials of the French air lines most kind and helpful, and the charges for housing and supplies were very reasonable. Well-organised aerodromes exist at every important town, with landing grounds scattered at intervals all along the coast. Captain de Havilland pays tribute to the organisation of the "A.A.," whose officials prepared his maps and obtained passports, permits, and other gubbins with which it is still necessary to go armed into a foreign country, although he found that formalities take much less time when travelling by air than by train or car.

Tom gave Ethel a box of Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Now she makes him buy *TWO* boxes

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb., 2/-, ¼-lb., 1/-

"IT'S THE TOBACCO THAT COUNTS"

Player's Please

PLAYER'S *"MEDIUM"* NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 *for* 6ᵖ - 20 *for* 11½ᵈ

ALSO SUPPLIED IN CARTONS OF 5 *for* 3d.

Fashions Fancies

BEACH SUITS

Attractive light woollen pyjamas are being worn at the fashionable plages Those depicted above are of mimosa stockinette patterned with black, and they come from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. A Wedgwood-blue coat of Terry towelling, trimmed with petunia kid, accompanies the striped Canadian sea suit

Sketched by Morris

TRAVELLING CLOTHES AND ACCESSORIES

Matching Hats and Scarves

DIFFERENT periods in the history of dress may be accurately described by different adjectives. The two that are most applicable to the clothes of to-day are "interesting" and "amusing"—the latter used in the French sense. These are earned not so much by the garments themselves, for they are distinguished by graceful lines and the complete absence of eccentricity, as by the accessories which do not merely accompany them, but are frequently of supreme importance. For instance, hats with matching scarves add piquancy to tailor-mades or afternoon *ensembles*. With the former a shady pull-on and a cravat scarf of shaded moufflon is delightful, while triangular *motifs* and kerchiefs of vivid *crêpe de Chine* enliven simple silk dresses.

The flattering lines of this coat make it equally suitable for town or country wear. It comes from Studd and Millington, and is made of a fancy Saxony suiting

Gloves, Bags and Jewellery

GLOVES, shoes, and a handbag of antelope strike another note in the *ensemble* theme. "Morning" and "afternoon" sets are regarded with equal approval, the differences being in shape and colour. Coral is used for the newest necklaces, perhaps because it is very cool-looking and provides an admirable touch of clear colour against pastel-hued summer dresses. And so we shall all emulate the example of little Princess Elizabeth, whose favourite beads are coral ones! Triple necklaces are made of scraps of coral regularly intersected with large wooden beads. They are worn with matching earrings and rather barbaric hat ornaments.

Coats and Suits

CAREFULLY chosen accessories such as those just described are invaluable when one is planning one's holiday wardrobe, for by their aid infinite variety is achieved with a minimum of clothes, and so the problem of cumbersome luggage is easily solved. A smart and practical wrap is a necessity, whether one proposes to travel or to remain in Town. At Studd and Millington's, 67, Chancery Lane, W.C., admirably tailored coats may be obtained from 5½ guineas. The one illustrated on the left of this page is called the "Tattenham." It is made of fancy Saxony suiting, and is cut on lines which would be flattering to any type of figure. Their comfortable tweed coats, belted all round, and with two-way collars, are especially designed for motoring and for country or race wear, and they have long enjoyed a very enviable reputation for their made-to-measure costumes, which they can supply from 7 guineas.

The New Lingerie

THE flowing lines of diaphanous summer dresses have caused a revival of that fast-disappearing garment—the petticoat. The latest versions are mostly cut on Princess lines, and quite often dip perceptibly at the back like the dresses beneath which they will be worn. Others have small fluted *godets* of chiffon around the hem. The set sketched at the foot of this page comes from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street. It is made of flesh-pink satin trimmed with pin tucks and *écru* lace. The nightgown costs 49*s.* 9*d.*, and the chemise and knickers 39*s.* 9*d.* each. Pink *broché* expresses the dressing gown, which is enriched with dyed marabout. It is obtainable, in several lovely shades, for 5 guineas. For the holidays, when suit-cases have to be stowed away in the back of a small car and space is very limited, there are attractive shantung wrappers in plain colours, the price of which is only 29*s.* 11*d.* They are easily washed and are practically uncrushable.

A delightful pink broché dressing gown, and a flesh pink satin set adorned with pink tucks and écru lace. They come from Walpole Bros.

Beat Daddy *to the winning post!*

THE kiddies simply revel in *safe* surf-riding—the new seaside joy. They love racing the grown-ups and organising all kinds of surf-riding fun among themselves. The Dorco animals they ride never fail them—*because Dorco are specially fitted with double air chambers for safety.* Your favourite sports shop or store can show you a complete variety—crocodiles, tortoises, seals, and others. Special size for children, larger size for adults. See them at the earliest opportunity

Children's size—a choice of 8 animals - 15/- each.
Adults' size—a choice of 6 animals - - 37/6 each.

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—*safe as a lifebelt!*

DOROGI BATHING SHOES.

Ask to see Dorogi bathing shoes and Dorco bathing caps. A wonderful range of colours. Shoes 2/6. Caps 1/- to 2/6. Dorogi overshoes are always handy for the stormy weather—1/11. Kiddies get some rollicking fun from Dorco inflatable nursery toys. Ask to see them, too!

DORCO BATHING CAPS.

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When her bouquet is just a memory, jewels will be living, sparkling—immortal. Give her a constant memory from the House of Jewels.

Here you will find exquisite jewels in every conceivable setting. There are gifts for the bridegroom too. May we send you our brochure?

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ON SALE DAILY, 9 till 7 (Thursdays close at 1 o'clock), at the Extensive Galleries of the Furniture and Fine Art Depositories, Ltd., Park Street, Upper Street, Islington, N. Any item may be purchased separately, can remain warehoused free for 12 months, or delivered to any part. ANTIQUES FREE OF DUTY.

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60 COMPLETE BEDROOMS, including COMPLETE ART ENAMELLED AND 36 SOLID OAK CLUB BEDROOM SUITES, with full panel Bedsteads and mattresses offered at £5 10s. set. Elizabethan, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, and Adam styles, also magnificent French and English Empire and others in choice Chinese Lacquer up to 700 Guineas, many originally costing over double the figure now asked.

GENUINE ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, Tall Boy and shaped front Chests, corner washstands, with pewter and brass fittings, Wig stands, Toilet Mirrors, Sofa Tables, etc.

SILK AND OTHER DRAPERIES and a quantity of Axminster pile carpets, some slightly soiled, being offered at 2s. 9d. per yard (could make up to required sizes).

THE DINING, RECEPTION ROOM, SMOKING LOUNGES, and LIBRARIES comprise a magnificent collection of Walnut, Mahogany, and Old Oak furniture in styles of Cromwellian, Queen Anne, Georgian and Early Victorian, **the small complete suites, including Sets of Chairs, Sideboard, Table, etc., offered for 10 Guineas,** the more elaborate sets ranging up to 300 Guineas, many of these exquisite sets having cost over double the figure now asked to clear. Quantity of Cottage Wheel-back chairs at 5s.

LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS covered in real hide, finely sprung and upholstered, offered at 3 GUINEAS. Condition equal to new.

DRAWING ROOMS COMPRISE a large and choice selection of Settees and Lounge Easy Chairs with coverings of old French Aubusson Tapestry, Silk Velvet and Italian Genoa Velvet. One set in choicely carved and gilt frames being a replica of a set in the Chantilly Palace. **Several fine settees covered in Art Linen from 3 Guineas, with Lounge Easy Chairs to match from 35s.** In most cases quite unsoiled and worth treble the price quoted.

Several Axminster PILE CARPETS, scarcely soiled, from 3 GUINEAS; also several choice Real Persian, Turkey, and other Oriental makes of lovely design and colourings.

BABY GRAND PIANOFORTE. Exquisite tone, offered at 78 GUINEAS, and uprights from 10 Guineas.

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There are Austins to suit all shades of opinion and sizes of income: Saloons and Tourers in each of the famous models —the 7 h.p. from £130, the 12 h.p. from £250, the 16 h.p. from £305 and the 20 h.p. from £395. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to-day.

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MOTOR NOTES

HORSES AND HORSE-POWER

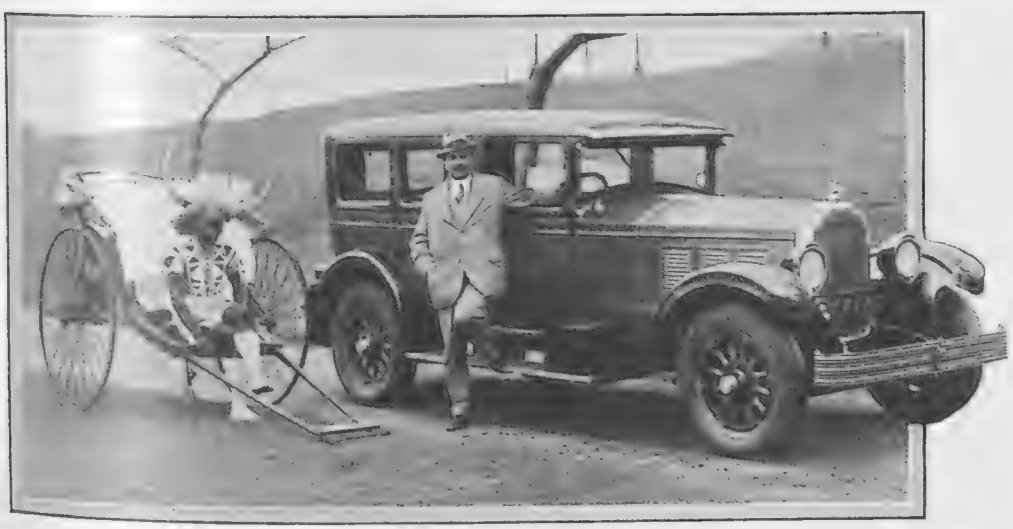
By E. M. WRIGHT

"WHERE is the fun in it?" remarked a sceptical friend, when I announced my intention of going to the Derby. "A minute or two and the whole thing is finished." That is true enough; but we do not go to Epsom merely to catch a glimpse of horses and jockeys flashing past the winning post. The whole outing is a picnic—and a very jolly and exciting one, especially if you back a winner or two. The horse for the moment has eclipsed the motor; but the latter plays its part in bringing thousands and thousands to the Downs. Every road for miles around the course is thick with traffic of every sort and description. Going to the Derby is almost as interesting as the Derby itself.

***

To the individual driver the journey seems endless as he moves slowly forward. But in reality that he should ever reach the course at all is a triumph of organisation. Every road over a wide area is specially controlled, and the swarms of vehicles and pedestrians directed according to a carefully prepared plan. Aeroplanes drone overhead, spotting blocks and issuing instructions by wireless to the armies of police below. Everything is as carefully thought out as the movement of an army in the field. For 364 days in the year we motorists must keep strictly to the roads across the Downs; but on this one day every nerve is strained to bring us quickly off the road on to that forbidden grass. Thus does the Derby change the ordinary course of life! And, by the way, for one day at least the police are content to look upon us with a favourable eye. In the case list before the Epsom magistrates on the day after the Derby the usual "bag" of motoring offences is missing. Drunkenness, welshing, and picking pockets are the crimes with which the court has to deal. It would almost seem that the law had taken cognisance of serious crime and that the police were for once given worthy employment.

A charming corner of Old England: the old mill at Alport, Derbyshire. The car in the foreground is a Morris Six



A study in contrasts is afforded by this photograph from Durban. Sir William Letts at the door of his Willys-Knight meets a representative of local transport with his 1929 two-wheeled one-man-power rickshaw

THE journey to Epsom, though long, is never dull. Never on any other occasion in the year do you see such a polyglot collection of vehicles and people. Never, too, do you find a crowd in such universal good spirits. The holiday atmosphere takes possession of us all. Even the policemen, overburdened though they are with work and responsibility, seem to be infected with the prevailing high spirits. The traffic itself is a lesson in democracy. Side by side luxurious saloons of exclusive make and cheap everyday mass production models wend their way to the course. Old cars and new cars hobnob together. Buses and motor coaches worm their way slowly forward. And every now and then a jaunty little coster's cart, with 'Arry and 'Arriet perched on top, rattles along at a smart pace, pulled by a willing little "moke" that is supercharged with vitality. Then "Tally Ho!" the guard sounds his horn as a coach and four comes into sight. And the picture is complete. But, alas, how are the mighty fallen! Down in the welter of traffic the man in his own car breathes an atmosphere laden with fumes from exhausts. Let us confess it, the best car for the Derby is the top of a bus!

***

I DERIVED so much enjoyment from an open Austin Seven tourer—quite an old second-hand one, too—last summer, that I have always looked forward to trying one of the saloons on this wonderful little chassis. The opportunity came my way when the London depot in Oxford Street placed at my disposal an ordinary example of the fabric saloon which sells at £140. It is marvellous how such a tiny little engine deals with this body, for the protection and comfort of the coachwork are quite as good as on many a much larger car. One of the runs was to take three full-sized passengers, making four in all, to a cricket match some twelve miles away, or roughly half an hour's run, part of it through dense traffic. I will not claim that they had room to demonstrate the tactics of Hammond or Tate in the back seats, but, although they had to sit fairly upright and fairly

MOTOR NOTES

still, there were no complaints of cramp, discomfort, headaches, or anything of that kind.

***

And the car had brought us there and back at least as fast as any size of car could have done, and, in spite of its load, beat the best of them for acceleration and get-away from rest. In traffic there is nothing to beat the Austin Seven whatever the body fitted. I only wish the makers would try to get better lines into this saloon. It may be true that no space can be spared from the height, for although the head room is ample, even for adults, there is none to give away. But there are other devices by which a suggestion of cut and style could be introduced. Where the roof and the windscreen meet there is a lot of waste space. The windscreen could be raked quite considerably, and the roof sloped down to meet it without the slightest inconvenience to driver or passengers. Such an arrangement would also get rid of reflections of street lights, etc., in the windscreen at night; surely in 1929 one ought not to have to complain of such an elementary point as this?

***

The latest motoring magazine is *The Owner Driver*, which is the official organ of the Owner Drivers' Club, and is edited by Mr. Alan C. Hess. In the first number an extremely interesting article on record breaking traces the growth of speed since, thirty-one years ago, a Jeantaud electric car hurtled over the flying kilometre at the breath-catching gait of 39.24 miles per hour, and created what appears to be the first world's speed record in the history of motoring. Judged by the number of times the coveted honour was won and lost within the space of twelve months, the most eventful year would seem to have been 1904. It was then, too, that there appeared for the first time in the list of winners the names of cars that are still with us to-day, such as the Darracq and Mercédès—most of the early record-breaking makes having long since disappeared. It was also the first year in which 100 m.p.h. was exceeded. At the beginning of that crowded year the record stood at 84.73 m.p.h.—an amazing speed, considering the cars then available. But it was gradually raised until a Darracq carried it to 104.53 m.p.h.

(*Continued on page* viii)

THIS WEEK'S HINT

IGNITION

The ignition is the easiest and most pleasant part of the car to look after, because the best motto for the conscientious owner in this connection is: Leave well alone. Do not go in for tinkering with parts of the ignition apparatus, whether by battery and coil or magneto, especially the latter. Parts like the slip ring brush and the contact breaker points bed themselves in and are best not disturbed unless necessary. The most frequent attention necessary is to check the sparking plug gaps once every two or three months and to clean the distributor ring. If misfiring occurs the plugs are the first things to look to, and even if they look in good condition they should be tested for the efficiency of the spark they give. A plug tester, a comparatively modern gadget costing a few shillings, is a useful thing to have in the tool kit; and it obviates the necessity of taking the plugs out to verify the strength of the spark.

A Hooper-body Rolls-Royce on the road at Chiavenna. The mountains in the background are those guarding the Maloja Pass

The All-British Standard sets a new standard

Go out and greet the sunshine in your Standard. Why wait for the holidays? One day will take you to the sea, the downs or the moors . . .

Which of the Standard models is it to be? Each fulfils its purpose. The Nine, economical to run, with a low initial cost, yet comfortable and roomy, and game, with its 40 m.p.g. The Fifteen six-cylinder—Britain's greatest six-cylinder value—seven bearing crankshaft, four speed gear-box, underslung worm rear axle, better top-gear performance than any car of its type. Both are fitted with the "Stanlite" all-weather sliding roof; both will help you to a joyful appreciation of sunshine days.

The 15 H.P. 6-Cylinder "Exmouth," Sliding Roof - - - £325
Standard Nine Saloons from £185

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The "Golden Ray"– the new fast Air Union Service to Paris–

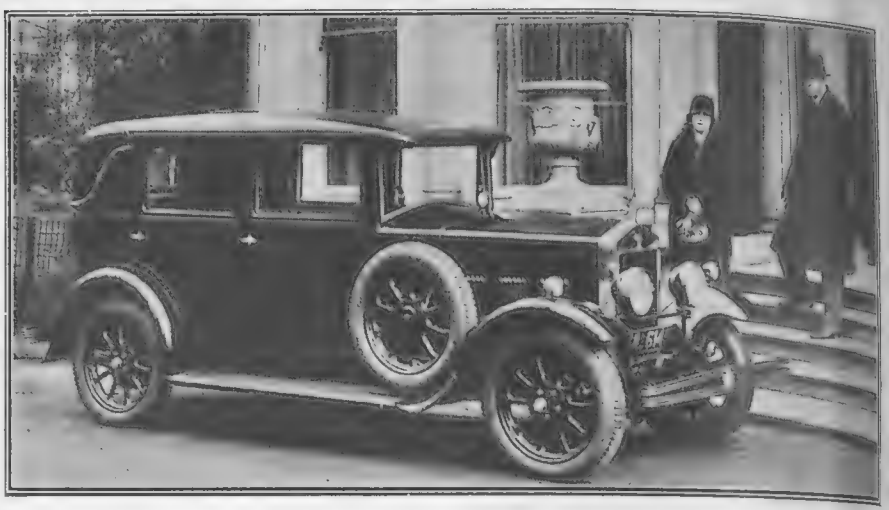
Runs Exclusively on Pratts

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page vi).

ONE of the most interesting fittings on my present car is the Kigass easy starter, which, incidentally, is standardised on several makes, including the Bentley, Lea-Francis, Minerva, Fiat and Trojan. By one stroke of a pump on the dashboard a fine mist of petrol is sprayed into the induction pipe, which is thus filled with a rich and readily explosive mixture, so that the engine fires on the first rev. of the starter. My own car is one of several that are notoriously rather reluctant to start in cold weather. (I refrain from mentioning names, except that it is not amongst the list given above.) But since I got the Kigass I have never had a moment's trouble. I even find that it is no longer necessary to flood the carburetter, as if the engine does not feel like continuing to fire after having done so for a rev. or two, one simply gives another push or two of the pump until it feels better. And in the whole process not more than a teaspoonful or so of the precious fuel is used; which is more economical and much less dangerous and troublesome than flooding the carburetter. This fitting is marketed by the Kibraz Blow-Lamp and Motor Accessory Co., Ltd., of 118, Great Portland Street, W.1, and costs 35s. complete.

***

AN excellent piece of publicity matter—and one that serves a most useful purpose as well—is the "Ferodo Book of Brakes," published by Ferodo, Ltd., Chapel-en-le-Frith, near Stockport. In this the braking systems of most of the popular makes of car are described, those dealt with being the Morris, the Austin Seven and Twelve, the Singer Senior, the Hillman Fourteen, the Essex, the 9 h.p. Clyno, the 9 h.p. Standard, the 20-60 h.p. Vauxhall, the Riley Nine, the 14 h.p. Armstrong Siddeley, the 15.7 h.p. Crossley, the 16-50 six-cylinder Humber, the 16 h.p. Sunbeam, and the Alvis. There are some notes on brake design and how brakes were made safe, and some very useful hints on the care of brakes in general. The Ferodo people, at the address given above, will be glad to send this to any reader who applies, mentioning THE BYSTANDER.



Mr. and Mrs. Owen Nares beside their new Wolseley car. It is a six-cylinder saloon in black fabric, upholstered inside in fawn leather

MR. H. BELL THOMPSON, Managing Director of Sternol, Ltd., has been elected representative of the lubricating oil trade on the Grand Council of the F.B.I.

***

THE latest edition of Pratts road atlas of England and Wales is now ready, and is available to the public at 3s. 6d. from any bookseller's. It is sponsored by the Anglo-American Oil Co., and shows the whole of the country to a scale of six miles to the inch. It includes town plans of the principal centres through which main roads pass, and a street map of the Central London area.

E. M. W.

GUARDS AND GUARANTEES

The Lifeguard is a survival from the days when the highway meant highwaymen and a gentleman's travelling kit meant sword and pistols . . .

The Lagonda Guarantee is a very live safeguard against the modern risks of the King's Highway.

A biennial guarantee, renewable for a further four periods of two years each, it is a ten-year agreement; practically a lifeguard. Very substantial proof of the makers' faith in their cars, it is also a very genuine protection to every Lagonda owner.

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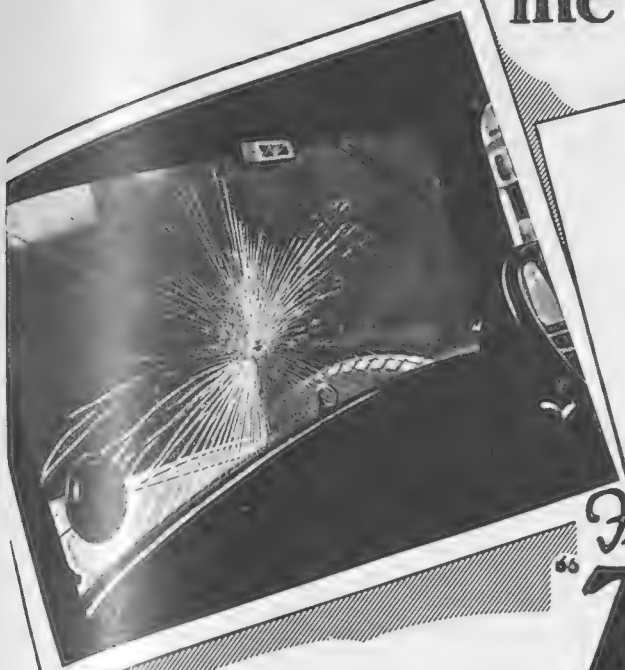

Kensington.
17th April 1929

Messrs. Triplex Safety Glass Co Ltd.,
1 Albemarle Street,
W. 1

Dear Sirs,

A few days ago while I was driving along an open stretch of the Great North Road a pair of partridges came over a low hedge behind a lorry. One of the birds came right into my windscreen and cracked it in the remarkable manner shown by the accompanying photograph. Not a splinter of glass came out of place although I was travelling at about 50 m.p.h. at the time. I am certain that had I been using ordinary glass it would have come back in my face and caused a very serious accident

I have always used Triplex but have never before seen it really tested. I am now convinced that what you claim for it is no more than the literal truth. As I feel that your glass has saved me from very grave injury I shall be glad if you will use this letter in any way you like.

Yours faithfully,

"Appreciative".

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd.

-and be safe!

Make sure it's Triplex; look for the three X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Safety Glass.

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NEWHAW.
WEYBRIDGE.

April 5th. 29.

Messrs. C.C.Wakefield & Co.,Ltd.,
Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

Dear Sirs,

You may be interested to know that I have now covered another 10,000 miles on my New Ford further to the 5,000 recorded and described in the little brochure of mine published by you under the title of "Five Thousand Miles with New Ford and Camera".*

During the whole distance (15,000 miles) my car has been lubricated exclusively by Castrol and its present condition is very definite evidence to the quality of your lubricants and their suitability to the car just as it is to the quality of the car itself.

Having some knowledge of the business acumen and capacity of the Ford people I am in no wise surprised, albeit naturally somewhat pleased, to learn that they are now recommending the use of Castrol. In fact I don't see how they could very well do anything else

Yours faithfully,

N. H. Johnson

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Wakefield CASTROL AA or XL in Summer
Wakefield CASTROL AA or CW in Winter
GEAR-BOX and REAR AXLE
Wakefield CASTROL D
CHASSIS
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★ *Ask your local Authorised Ford Dealer or write to us for a copy of "5,000 Miles with New Ford and Camera"—an interesting booklet describing an extensive European Tour, illustrated by 112 photographs.*

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and your tyres are correctly inflated with the Kismet-Duplex Two-in-one Foot Pump. Just push on the connector—it requires no screwing—and watch the pressure registered by an accurate pressure gauge. The super-charged action doubles the pressure with half the effort required with an ordinary pump. Invest in a Kismet-Duplex. It is GUARANTEED FOR EVER.

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KISMET-JUNIOR 40/-
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DOGS

A HAND TO DOGGY VISITORS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SOUND organisation and good entries give promise of excellent Shows to-day (Wednesday) at Barnstaple, and to-morrow at Oxford; both benched and fed by Spillers. Southport has a Show on Saturday, and Wednesday of next week will bring that always popular function, the Show of the Berks, Bucks and Oxon Canine Association, held by the King's permission in the Home Park at Windsor: a sporting picnic in a perfectly delightful setting.

THE supremacy of British Dogs and the increasing popularity of Dog-keeping in this country are based upon increased public understanding of canine character and needs; and that again is undoubtedly due in large measure to our Dog Shows, the running of which calls for a deal of skilled work and monetary outlay, amply justified in the view of most authorities by the resultant benefits for Dogdom as a whole. And there will be even bigger all-round gain as the number of special competitions and demonstrations at the Shows tends to increase, for these are the things that attract the general public, as distinguished from the already well-informed: special features designed to illustrate, not alone points and type and what the finest Dogs look like, but their character, training, intelligence, and capacity as friends and companions. Never was training more desirable than now, having regard to modern traffic and the speeding-up of life generally.

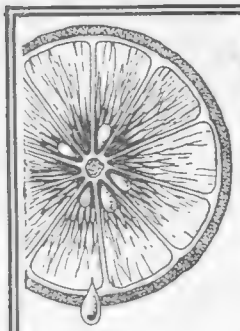
PROMOTERS of the leading Shows wisely entrust their benching and feeding arrangements only to the proven and recognised experts, and where that is done the disadvantages, such as risks of infection and the like, are reduced to an almost disappearing minimum by the generous use of disinfectants, scrupulous care in the service of food and drink, hand-washing facilities for judges (which all of them should use), etc. All the dogs are examined by veterinary surgeons before admission, and where the catering is in the hands of the aforementioned experts the risks are probably less than those encountered in ordinary walks abroad in the streets, whilst the all-round benefits to dogdom are far-reaching indeed.

L.N.A

Young St. Bernard puppies out for a morning drive at the Grevston Kennels at Elstree. They have all been bred from champions

"WE most of us know," writes a correspondent, "that the senses of sight, scent and hearing are more highly developed in Dogs than in humans; but apart from this they must have some other sense of which we know nothing; for neither of these can account for the performance of an Airedale of mine. Securely padlocked in a travelling hamper, he was sent by passenger train from Tunbridge Wells to Hastings—more than thirty miles—to the home of complete strangers. He had never before been anywhere near Hastings.

"FOR twenty-four hours he was kept shut in a stable or in the house, and then given his freedom in the garden. Having jumped a gate and made his way through a hedge, he disappeared, and some forty hours later turned up at his Tunbridge Wells home. Neither sight, scent nor hearing can explain this, surely; and as Jock could not ask a policeman the way, just what faculty did he bring to bear on the job?"



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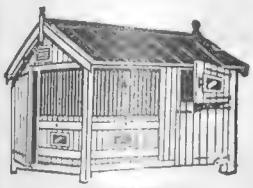

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THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Grape Fruit à l'Américaine

REMOVE the fruit from as many grape fruits as required, being careful not to break through the skins. Place the fruit with its juice in a basin and set on ice for about three hours. Pour into the basin one tablespoonful of Maraschino and castor sugar to taste. Mix well together, and replace the prepared fruit in the skins. Decorate with crystallised cherries and a small piece of ice.

Filets de Sole à la Tour d'Argent

FILLET a good-sized Dover sole and place the fillets in a stewpan with half a pint of white stock and 1½ dozen button mushrooms, season with salt and a pinch of cayenne pepper. Place over the fire for fifteen minutes, and when the fish is cooked, drain the fillets and place them in a silver dish, arranging the mushrooms on top of each. Make a good white sauce, using a quarter of a pint of stock in which the fish was boiled and a quarter of a pint of cream. Add a dessertspoonful of finely chopped parsley, pour the sauce over the fish, and serve.

Pigeons Rôtis. Salade d'Oranges

ROAST the pigeons carefully, with a vine leaf on the breast, baste with butter, and serve when done with a clear brown gravy and orange salad, prepared as follows: Rub a salad bowl with a clove of garlic; take two small lettuces, some minced shallots, and two oranges, peeled and cut into small thick pieces. Add three tablespoonfuls of oil and one of Chili vinegar and one of cream; mix thoroughly and serve immediately.

Pineapple Whip

GRATE some pineapple and mix with it some stiffly whipped cream. Serve it in paper cases or in meringues with a few candied violets on top.

Bouchées Latcore

TAKE three anchovies, washed and pounded with a small piece of ham and chicken. Make a very good curry sauce and mix all together. Stir over the fire till nearly boiling. Fry small rounds of bread and spread the mixture on them. Serve hot with a little grated cheese mixed with butter on the top.

Dîner

GRAPE FRUIT À L'AMÉRICAINE.

CONSOMMÉ FROID EN TASSE.

FILETS DE SOLE À LA TOUR D'ARGENT.

PIGEONS RÔTIS.
SALADE D'ORANGES.

BOUCHÉES LATCORE.

PINEAPPLE WHIP.

CAFÉ. LIQUEURS.

A Correction

Owing to an error in last week's number the screed under the photograph of Monti Ryan stated that she was playing a leading part in the revue "The Show's the Thing," which was to start an indefinite run at the Victoria Palace on June 9th. The opening date should have been given as June 3rd. The Charity Dance organised by Lady du Maurier in aid of the Ladies' Theatrical Guild will take place at the Piccadilly Hotel on June 9th, and *not* on June 2nd, as previously stated.

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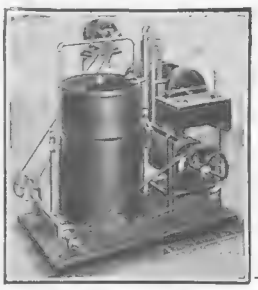

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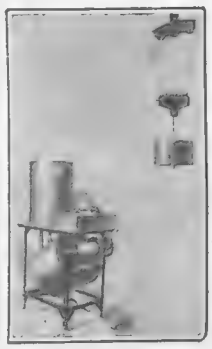

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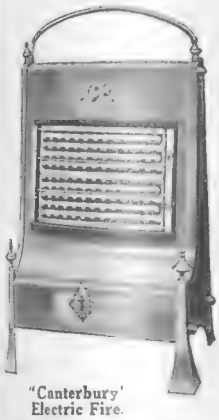

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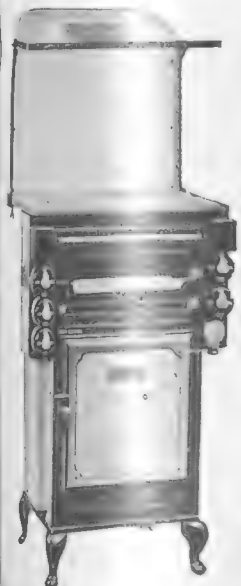

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Photography in Comfort

Photography is no longer an uncertain and troublesome hobby to those who are willing to adopt modern methods and materials. Many whose experience leads them to complain of disappointments and expense will be agreeably surprised at the increased pleasure and decreased cost which follow the adoption of methods explained in a new booklet, "Photography in Comfort," just published. The booklet, which is well printed and illustrated with many pages in colour, is concise, yet packed with up-to-date information. It tells, not only the procedure to follow, but also gives the reason. It leads the photographer from the moment of exposure through the various stages to the finished picture, at the same time finding space to discuss special subjects such as direct colour work, panchromatism and colour effects by toning, to name a few. Every photographer will find much of interest in this booklet. The majority will appreciate its honest endeavour to smooth difficult paths, to make comfort in photographic manipulation a real thing, and to point the way to the achievement of better results. The sections on exposure and development are of the utmost value to beginners. These sections tell how the light acts upon the plate or film and how the latent image is converted into a visible image, thus explaining the actual purpose of exposure and development. "Photography in Comfort" is a sensible booklet, serviceable to everyone interested in photography. To any reader mentioning this paper the booklet will be sent post free by the publishers: Burroughs Wellcome & Co., Snow Hill Buildings, London, E.C.1.

A Change of Address

Owing to the great demand for B.M.C. undentable silverware, Messrs. British Metallising Co., Ltd., have found it necessary to move into larger offices and showrooms. Their new address is Gardiner House, 10-14, Charterhouse Street, E.C.1, where all inquiries should be addressed.

A Handy Dictionary

A most useful little dictionary has just come to hand from Messrs. Blackie & Son, Ltd., which is the ideal size for the pocket or the desk. It contains as many as 416 pages and defines some 30,000 words, including about 400 of recent or fairly recent origin. It also includes appendices dealing with such useful subjects as foreign words and phrases, common abbreviations and contractions, principal moneys of the world, and British weights and measures. Being well printed on finely-surfaced paper, and in admirably clear type, it is most suitable for ready reference, and it is really remarkable that so excellent a publication in every way is sold at the remarkably low cost of one shilling.

About Harrogate

If one ever had any doubts as to the "aliveness" and general efficiency of the Corporation of the famous inland watering-place Harrogate they would be promptly removed by the briefest of glances at the little books concerning the amenities of the place which have been issued. Some of the official guide books, pamphlets, and so on, issued by local authorities are so uninspiring that one wonders how authorities who are so obviously lacking in imagination can ever hope to arrange successfully for the comfort and pleasure of their visitors, but the Harrogate Corporation booklets show that the authorities here are fully alive to their work. Two books—"Harrogate" and "The Harrogate Cure"—which have reached us set forth the various amenities of the town in so attractive a way that the potential visitor cannot but be impressed with them. These books will be sent to anyone writing for them to Mr. F. J. C. Broome, General Manager of the Publicity Department of the Harrogate Corporation.

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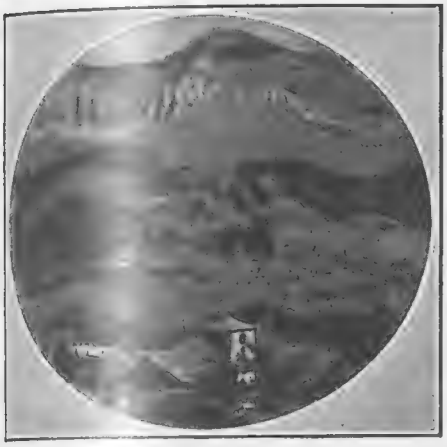

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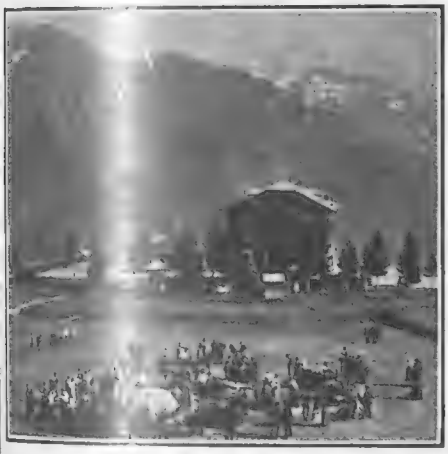

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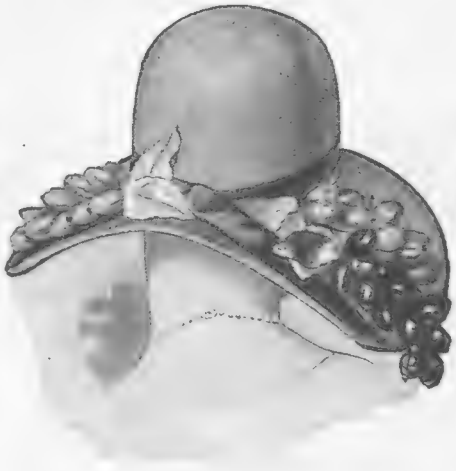

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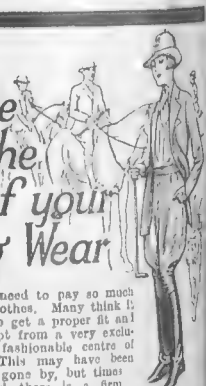

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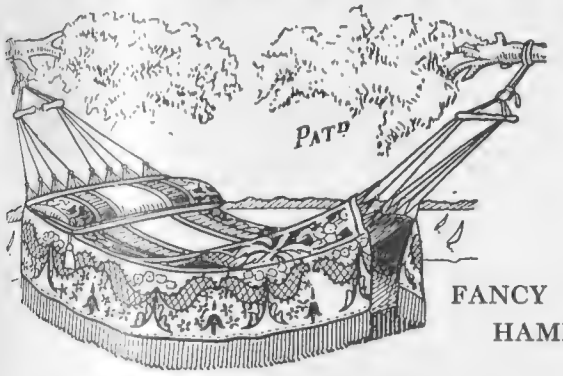

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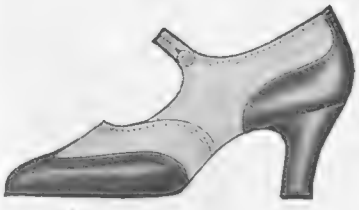

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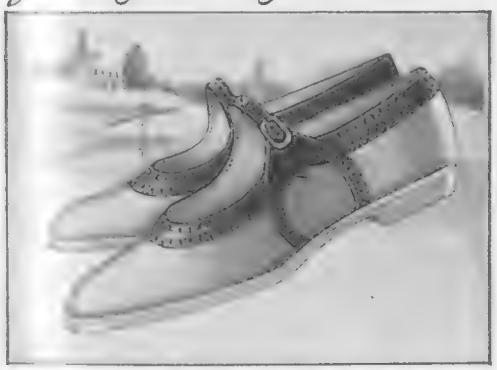

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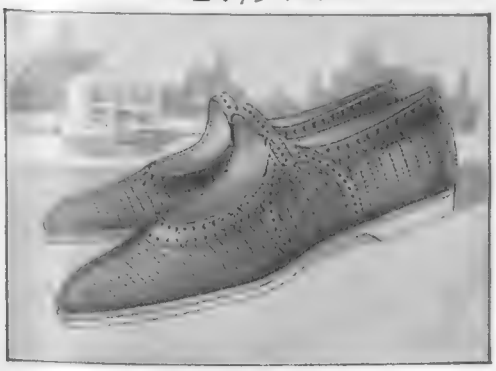

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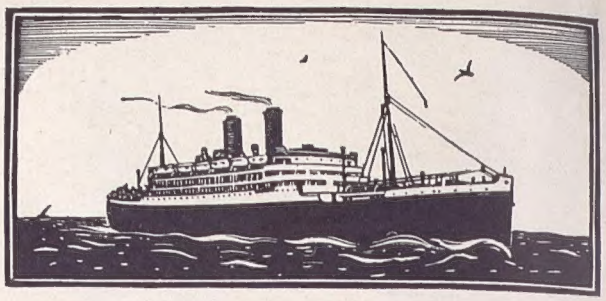

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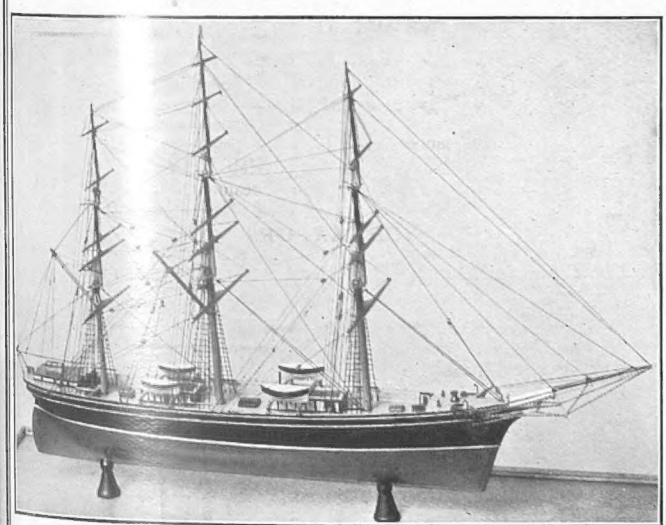

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